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OUR PRINCIPLES AND POLITICS.

WHEN a new Journal is offered to the patronage of the public, it is customary for its conductors to explain its objects and define its policy. Yielding to this fashion or necessity, the projectors and proprietors of the "LONDON REVIEW" desire to indicate in the outset of their undertaking why they have ventured into an arena that seems to be overcrowded, and why they are of opinion that they shall be enabled to present to the intelligent readers of this much-reading age a weekly periodical unlike any other, and which shall supply a want which is very generally admitted. By the operation of the Act abolishing the newspaper stamp, a widely-extended daily press has put the great mass of the community into daily, almost hourly, possession of the news from every part of the world. Whatever is done or said in London or Paris on Monday, is known all over the kingdom on Tuesday. In an age of railways and of electric telegrams, people live faster than they did, and cannot afford to wait seven days to learn from an old-fashioned periodical the events and the opinions that may be made known to them in one, by a journal of lighter calibre and smaller price. But, formerly, even so lately as six or seven years ago, many hundreds of thousands of families were contented to wait until Saturday to acquaint themselves with what had been done in the world since the Saturday previous. Hence arose a large class of excellent weekly journals, many of which attained great popularity and extensive circulation. These have for the most part outlived their time. The greater portion of their broad-sheets is filled with reports and descriptions which have been read and discussed in the cheap daily press for days before they are issued. The sub-editorial scissors and paste are more active in the manufacture than the pens of the editor and his contributors. The result of the combined operation of their high price and the obsolescence of their news is, that they are no longer suited to the public taste or the necessities of the time. One by one they have died off; and the few that remain are shorn of their ancient glories, and exist, like octogenarians— hale enough, perhaps, but not likely, in the course of nature, to survive for many years. The electric telegraph is too fast for them, and they gradually give place to some newer result of the intellectual activities of the age.

The want of a thoroughly original Weekly Journal, appealing to an educated public already acquainted with the week's news, has been partially supplied. But the few existing papers of this class take a range too limited; they are too purely critical; they deal too much with party and class politics; and they are published at too high a price to suit the taste, the temper, or the pocket of a public to whom a cheap press—conducted with as much tact, spirit, and ability as are displayed in the columns of its more costly contemporaries, has become a necessity of social life. It is to supply this gap that this Journal has been started. It will not aim, like some of its contemporaries, to become the journal of a class, a party, or a clique, either in Politics or in Literature. It will not be like others among them, the mere critic of the spoken performances of politicians, or the written performances of authors. It will not always be sitting in judgment upon men and books, paintings and statues, operas and opera-singers; but will endeavour to provide for the Homes of the Empire a welcome weekly visitant, which shall originate as well as criticize, and which shall afford to young and rising genius an arena in which its first distinctions may be achieved. The unknown writer shall be as cordially received as the man who has made himself famous, provided that he have anything good to

say, and knows how to say it. The intellectual agencies of our time are so manifold, and so active, that a journal which is wholly political, wholly scientific, or wholly critical, cannot adequately represent our civilization. The men of our hard-working age require to be amused as well as instructed; and the women, who not only outnumber them, but who have more leisure for reading, are not so much interested in party polemics, or in ponderous essays upon public affairs, as to look with favour upon newspapers which have nothing else to offer them.

In the columns of our REVIEW the politician shall find honest opinions upon all public events, by the most competent writers of the time; but politics shall not occupy its space to such an extent as to make the Journal a mere string of leading articles. Men in Parliament and in public life, and who loiter about in clubs or taverns, may feed upon politics alone, and desire no other mental aliment; but in the homes of the educated classes the social and scientific essay, the narrative of real or ideal life, the poem, and the appreciative critique of Literature, Art, Music, and the Drama, are equally useful, and far more welcome.

In one respect this Journal will differ from its political and most of its literary contemporaries. It will be published under the sanction of one name; and to this extent it will entrench upon the principle of the anonymous, which some hold to be the essence of the liberty of our modern journalism. But as in point of fact, the responsible conductor of every respectable newspaper in London and the provinces, is as well known by name to the great mass of people who care to know it, as St. Paul's Cathedral or Charing-cross; and as in most instances the name of the writer of any more than usually important or brilliant contribution is certain to be divulged, for the gratification of a far from unnatural curiosity, the anonymous in existing journalism is more of a theory than a fact. And the Editor in openly avowing under his own name his control over its management, offers to some extent a guarantee that no personality shall characterize its pages; and that he will not suffer the gentlemen who shall anonymously contribute to its columns to import into the consideration of the political and literary questions which may be discussed therein, any personal or private feeling whatever. It is not necessary for the refutation of a political opponent, to declare, as a great parliamentary orator once did of his, that "he had two left legs;" or of another, "that he was descended from the impenitent thief who died upon the cross;" or of a great captain that he was "a stunted corporal." All the amenities of social life may find their place in the discussion of public affairs in the Press as well as in the Parliament; and this great principle shall be strictly adhered to in every department of the Journal, so long as its present Editor shall have any control over its management. To be honest in politics, and generous and appreciative in criticism, shall be the rule to which all the contributors to this Journal will endeavour to adhere. We have no party to serve, no crotchets or "isms" to promulgate, no cliques to write up, and no enemies to write down. Though the price of our sheet was fixed in the belief that the proposed repeal of the excise duty upon paper would meet with no obstruction in either house of Parliament, we have resolved, upon mature consideration, to make no change in our plans in consequence of the temporary failure of that measure. We start on a broad basis, and know that there is a public sufficiently large and sufficiently intelligent to afford us that ample patronage which we hope to deserve, and which is necessary to the stability of so large an undertaking.



ITALIAN VIRTUE AND ITALIAN CRAFT.

IT is unfortunately incidental to the highest and loftiest principle by which men have ever been animated, that it should be the rallying point for the base and unworthy, as well as for the pure and noble. The sacred cause of liberty, whether religious or political, has always been contaminated by the touch of those who have clustered round its spotless standard, not to guard and protect it, but to avail themselves of the prestige with which its triumphs and successes might invest it for their own selfish purposes. We have seen it the ladder by which despots have clambered to the pinnacle of their greatness, and the altar to which they have clung for safety in their extremity. It is the specious pretext under cover of which unscrupulous men perpetrate unscrupulous acts, the glorious end which is made to justify the most dishonourable means; denied altogether to some countries, enjoyed under various phases in others. We at all events flatter ourselves in England that we are able to discriminate between the sublime reality and the miserable imposture. In the present state of European politics, it is of the utmost importance that this power of discrimination should be exercised. The liberal principle on the Continent at this juncture, is represented by three men, so widely distinguished, that it is impossible that they can all be its true exponents,—a conclusion in which we are confirmed by the profound aversion they entertain towards each other. It is needless to say that these men are, the Emperor Napoleon III., Count Cavour, and General Garibaldi. If in the course of our remarks it becomes necessary to draw an invidious distinction between the latter and those who are his rivals in the cause of Italian independence, it is only because without adverting to the contrast which exists between the principles by which they are actuated, it would be impossible to do justice to the greatness of the true patriot. It is, moreover, of great moment, in a political point of view, that we should weigh accurately the motives which animate those who now control the destinies of Italy. Even now her fate is trembling in the balance, and it is only right that our sympathies should be accorded to him who has most sincerely at heart her best and highest interests.

A wide political difference exists between the present head of the Sardinian Government and the heroic leader of the Sicilian insurrection. The success of the latter, while it increases his power and influence in Italy, must widen that breach, until at last the question will come to be a personal one, resolving itself into the rival names—Cavour and Garibaldi. The first of these will represent French policy and French influence, with "French liberty," dominant in Italy—Cavour himself governing in obedience to French dictation, and carrying out the views of the Emperor, without whose assistance and support he has repeatedly declared the maintenance of the new Italian kingdom impossible. The name of Garibaldi will stand for God and the right,—Italy for the Italians,—a strong arm and a just cause, and defiance to all the despots of Europe, whether French or Austrian. If Italy, in this hour of her extremity, takes refuge in Cavour, she will purchase peace at the price of becoming a French province. If she rally round Garibaldi, she will win her freedom—if she win it at all, as freedom must be always won,—in many a hard-fought field. Ever since the day that Garibaldi returned from his dearly-bought triumphs on the southern slopes of the Italian Alps, to find himself converted into a Frenchman by the secret transfer of his native town to the Emperor, he has estimated at its proper value that support which the world at the outset deemed disinterested, and has steadily opposed a Government which, upon the plea of a political necessity, has committed an act of flagrant injustice.

It is a remarkable and significant fact that General La Marmora was no less opposed to the policy of Cavour than Garibaldi; both these distinguished men supporting the Rattazzi party, who contended that the cession of Savoy and Nice was not essential to the acquisition of Tuscany and the Romagna, and that, even if it were, no end, however desirable, could justify so gross a violation of honour and morality. Unfortunately, it remains still to be seen whether that cession has secured the recognition on the part of the Emperor of France to the annexation of the central Italian provinces. Count Cavour admitted not long ago to the Sardinian Chamber that he had failed to extract a pledge to this effect from his august ally, and the diplomatic answer which was returned not long since by his Majesty to the Neapolitan envoy was calculated to remind the Sardinian minister that this consent might still be withheld if the policy of the Piedmontese Government with reference to Sicily failed to meet with the imperial approval. The designs of the Emperor with reference to Southern Italy are not unknown at the court of Turin, and Count Cavour hopes, by a secret opposition to the projects of Garibaldi, which Italian public opinion will not permit him to express, to embarrass a dangerous rival, and retain for his ulterior ends the support and co-operation of his powerful protector. To do this he must be a party to the imperial policy in Southern Italy, which consists in the inauguration under French auspices of a new constitution, either under the present king or one still more acceptable to the court of France. The Neapolitan Government will thus be reduced to that position of dependence upon imperial protection which is the present condition of Victor Emmanuel and the Roman Pontiff.

In return for the acquiescence of Sardinia to this project of a rival "liberal" kingdom in Italy, she is to be confirmed by imperial assent in her possession of Tuscany and the Romagna. In a word, Cavour may be considered, though he cannot avow it, the representative of Italian duality,—Garibaldi, of Italian unity. Under Cavour Italy must be French; under Garibaldi she may be free. Cavour fears Austria and trusts in France; Garibaldi fears nothing, and trusts in God: both are patriots, but we cannot hesitate in our choice of him who must claim our sympathy; nor can there be any doubt politically in whose success this country is most deeply interested.

Italy, as a first-class power, united and free, will be a worthy and glorious ally; Italy divided and French, will be a standing menace to our power and possessions in the Mediterranean. One more magnanimous idea, one more disinterested war in behalf of the oppressed Christian population of Turkey, is all that will then be necessary to enable the third Napoleon to carry out the project of the first, and convert that inland sea into a French lake.

Meantime we must earnestly hope that the simplicity of mind and unsuspecting nature, which form the highest charm of Garibaldi's character, will not be the means of rendering him the unconscious tool of intriguing and designing men. It must not be forgotten that subscriptions to a large amount have been sent from Paris with the Emperor's sanction, and received by him as a timely contribution to the great cause; while the recent mission of La Farina, a devoted Cavourian, to Sicily, was pregnant with significance. The speedy return of this viceroy, *re infecta*, and the appointment by Garibaldi, in his capacity of dictator, of Count Amari to the court of Turin, augurs well for the determination of the Liberator to preserve his independence; the more especially as Amari has put himself at the head of the National Association,—a position forfeited by La Farina through his subserviency to Cavour's policy. The time is, however, nearly approaching when Garibaldi will be subjected to a political pressure such as he has never before been called on to resist. The highest and best interests of Italy will be invoked by the Sardinian cabinet to urge him to accede to that compromise which the Emperor and the King of Naples seem already to have agreed upon. The most plausible arguments will doubtless be resorted to, to persuade him that he can best serve his country by accepting French mediation, and by trusting the new Neapolitan constitution to French protection. It will be for him at this crisis to prove that he is as great in the council as in the field; and if, as events would seem to indicate, the fate of Italy is linked to the fortunes of Garibaldi, the day may not be far distant when he will find himself no longer the general fighting the battles of the freedom of his country, but the great administrator guiding and controlling its destinies.

AUSTRIA—POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL.

IT is the pride and the glory of England that she stands prominently forth amid the Powers of Europe as the representative of the liberal and enlightened sentiment of the age. She occupies the advanced post of civilization, and is in possession of a system of government which, whatever may be its defects, undoubtedly secures to the nation a larger degree of political and social freedom than is accorded to any other people in the world. We cannot wonder if, conscious of the inestimable value of the blessings they themselves enjoy, the public of this country sometimes permit their sympathies with oppressed nationalities to overstep the limits of international courtesy towards "the powers that be," and thus even to imperil their most important political interests. Thus, although during the late war in the north of Italy it was evident that Italian freedom was only to be purchased at the price of French preponderance in the Peninsula, the British public hailed with acclamation the intelligence of each new victory gained by the allied troops; and though no one can doubt that the annihilation of the French legions by the Austrian army would have spared us an income-tax of tenpence in the pound, a large increase to our navy, an extended system of national defences, and the establishment of an army of volunteers, we do not grudge this serious charge upon our pockets and our time, because we believe that in the new political phase into which Italy has entered, with the aid of France, we perceive the dawn of a brighter and more hopeful future.

But while there are occasions upon which we feel constrained to accord our warmest sympathies to those who are engaged in making war against their own sovereigns, and in effecting an entire revolution in the institutions of their country by violent means, it fortunately falls to our lot sometimes to find our sentiments enlisted in favour of the governing powers themselves, when advancing by constitutional methods in the path of a liberal and enlightened reform. It would be in the highest degree culpable if we allowed our prejudices in this respect to get the better of our judgment; or if we failed to recognize in any government an honest desire to improve its administration, because it had heretofore adhered to a political system opposed to our own, and which has become worn out and discredited. At the same time it is important to discriminate between liberal reforms initiated by the Government itself, and carried out in pursuance of a policy founded on a clear perception of the advantages of free institutions,

and those concessions which have been wrung from an ignorant and obstinate sovereign at the point of the bayonet, only to be withdrawn when the bayonet is removed. We have merely to contrast the internal policy of the Austrian Government at the present juncture with that of the King of Naples to illustrate our meaning. We value the constitution which has just been granted by the latter at what it is worth, and feel a corresponding contempt for its author. But the Government of Austria, exposed to no such pressure, and possessing in Count Rechberg a leader whose capacity and foresight have enabled him to appreciate the exigencies of the age, claims some sympathy and deserves some encouragement at our hands.

Thoroughly apprehending the difficulties which a heterogeneous population and conflicting traditions present to the task in which he is now engaged, Count Rechberg has entered upon the path of constitutional reform in a spirit of judicious and enlightened liberalism scarcely to have been looked for in an Austrian statesman. We shall follow, with the greatest interest, the development of that policy which, if successfully carried out, bids fair to place Austria in the novel position of an advanced liberal power of Germany. Nor does she contain within herself those elements which, in France, render a government founded on constitutional principles an impossibility.

It will suffice to draw a brief parallel between the internal condition of the two countries to illustrate this, and show that Austria possesses, still untouched, all the capacities of constitutionalism. She has a rich, powerful, and by no means unenlightened aristocracy, while the mass of the population, more especially among the agricultural classes, are sensible, practical, and well-affected. Her Emperor is no usurper. No one is desirous to see him ejected from his high position, while all are desirous of receiving distinction at his hands. Therefore, as with us, the Crown still retains its proper function as the prime source of reward. The cheerful acceptance by all classes of this power of consecration in the Crown—the readiness of the aristocracy to deserve, that is to compete for honours—the absence of any theoretical desire for impossible equality in the lower orders,—these are the bases of Constitutional Government, but which are not to be found in France. Austria possesses what France can never boast: those natural inherent forces which are too equally disseminated throughout the empire to submit to centralization, and which are now finding legitimate expression in provincial representation. This must inevitably lead, and is indeed already leading, to General Representation, the form of which will be Parliamentary.

In France, on the other hand, these natural inherent forces having been destroyed, there is, in reality nothing to represent save the two antagonistic principles of democracy and authority. When, therefore, she resorted to Parliamentary Government, her House of Commons became simply an arena for angry discussion, and her House of Lords a sham. The best interests of the country were neglected for the sake of that revolutionary struggle which occupied the eighteen years of Louis Philippe's monarchy, during which both parties might lose, but neither could gain, a single fruitful advantage. Austria begins public life with a far better promise, and has already so far proved her superior capacity for free institutions, that, before the tenth sitting of the Reichsrath, or New Imperial Council, that body has secured to itself the power of examining into the whole financial system of the empire, has successfully resisted any attempts made on the part of the Government to deny publicity to the result of the investigations of the committee which it has nominated for this purpose, and enjoys, in all its deliberations, perfect freedom of debate.

When we consider that this great end has been achieved not by any revolutionary action, but by the mere outward pressure of the national will upon the Government power, legitimately and constitutionally exercised, we cannot but admit that the Austrian nation has already gained an important advantage in this its first struggle for free institutions. At the same time it is only fair to the Government that we should give it all the credit it deserves for judiciously yielding to the influences thus brought to bear upon it.

The effect of this combined action, upon both the rulers and the ruled, has been, that Austria, though the last to start in the race for self-government, and hampered by a variety of obstacles incidental to its heterogeneous composition, has, owing to its latent and constitutional capacities, made rapid and decided progress. Besides the inspection of the state balance-sheet, and the propositions of the national debt commission, the Reichsrath is empowered to examine the draughts of new laws, and the statutes for the representation of the provinces, together with sundry projects of law reform. New privileges have been granted to the Lombardo-Venetian Central Congregation, and its powers have been largely extended; while to the Tyrol, a provincial constitution has been granted, by which the Diet is, 1st, to have the superintendence of all matters connected with the internal administration of the province; 2nd, to assist in the legislation of the province; 3rd, to have the sole management of the property belonging to the province or its establishments; 4th, to have the right to elect the captain of the province; 5th, to have an unlimited right to petition the Crown in all matters, whether of provincial or national importance; 6th, complete publicity, as far as

the proceedings of the Diet are concerned. In a word, we have every hope for the establishment of responsible government in Austria, because there is nothing in the internal necessities of the country which renders either despotism, or silence on the part of the governed, necessary. We can indulge no such hope for France, as both have been proved indispensable to the existence of military government.

But if the contrast between the political capacities of France and Austria is thus strongly marked, the difference which exists in the extent of the material resources of the two countries is not less striking. The productive capacity of France is already taxed to the utmost, while that of Austria retains all its elasticity. By a redistribution of the land-tax—not by any increase in its amount,—that impost, which previous to the year 1847 produced about thirty-seven millions of florins per annum, has since the reform of 1848 yielded from sixty-two to sixty-three millions yearly to the treasury,—a result gained without any diminution having been produced upon the taxable capacity of the country. At this moment, Austria, tried, worn, “moribunda,” as she has been called, can, after such a year as the last, export corn to a large amount; France, on the other hand, as we read in a recent letter of the *Times* correspondent, “is so ill managed agriculturally, that she now imports, whereas she ought reasonably to export, large quantities of corn.”

The enormous productive power of Austria, and her richness in material resources, suggest to us one most important commercial reform, in which it must be the interest, as it is the duty, of our own country to assist, and which we would fain hope has already been proposed by our Government. There can surely be no reason why our commercial negotiations should be confined to the one country in Europe which has the least to give us in return for our produce. Every reason which has been urged by the Government in favour of a commercial treaty with France applies with tenfold force to a commercial treaty with Austria. She can give us in abundance those rags which are denied us by the French Treaty, but the free importation of which has been rendered doubly necessary by that treaty. She can supply us with unlimited quantities of timber for the hulls, and of hemp for the sails of our ships; and furnish us with linseed, linseed oil, and tallow to any amount.

The reduction of the now existing export dues on these articles by Austria would impart an immense stimulus to her own commerce, and enable us to make good not only the most important defect in the French Treaty, but reduce the cost of material for our “naval defences.” We, on the other hand, as our China trade develops, could supply Austria with those silks and poplins which she formerly obtained from Lombardy, but for which she is most unwilling to depend now either upon Sardinia or France. The reduction in our favour of the present import duty of 15 per cent. upon our silks, and a similar reduction of the duties on our Irish linens, which pay an *ad valorem* duty of 10, 7, or 6 per cent., would enable us successfully to compete with the silks of Sardinia and France, and with the linen of Saxony, in a country which contains upwards of 60,000,000 of inhabitants—a market of a magnitude not to be despised. There can be no doubt, viewing the present liberal temper and progressive policy of the Austrian Government, that even a less skilful negotiator than Mr. Cobden might succeed in inducing it to consent to the concessions which we have indicated above; and we most earnestly hope that no unworthy considerations of foreign policy will prevent the Government from taking advantage of the present opportunity to retrieve, by honest free-trade principles, the ground they have lost, and thus prove to the world that commercial treaties are not mere diplomatic expedients, to be made use of as an element of political intrigue, but that they are indeed, what a recent parliamentary orator eloquently described them to be, “processes which, like the silent and ceaseless processes of Nature herself, would bring into play a thousand beneficial influences on the side of peace throughout the world.”

CANADA—PRESENT AND FUTURE.

HIS Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES is to embark at Plymouth on Tuesday, to visit Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Canada. He will thus become acquainted with a country where his grandsire passed a portion of his youth, and where he is still remembered as an accomplished gentleman and officer, ever zealous in the performance of his duties. The Duke of Kent was the only son of George III. who took any interest in the colonies. He was in Canada from 1791 to 1793, and after serving in the West Indies was sent to Nova Scotia in 1794, where he remained till 1798. In 1799 he returned again to Nova Scotia, as commander-in-chief of the forces in North America, but finally left the continent in 1800. The loyal and devoted colonists felt his presence to be an honour, and the policy is at once graceful and wise which connects the commencement of the public life of the Prince of Wales with the career of his grandfather, and makes it the means of confirming and strengthening the attachment of the colonies to the mother country. In all things, however, except their undying attachment, the colonies, especially the great one to which His Royal Highness will devote most attention, are greatly changed since the year 1800.

Sixty years ago the Act which separated the two provinces of Canada had hardly come into operation. Upper Canada, which in 1811 had only 77,000 people, had in 1800 scarcely the half of that number, and Lower Canada might then contain 200,000. Now the population of the upper province is upwards of 1,300,000, actually 1,260,000 in 1855, and Lower Canada possesses more than 1,100,000 people. Together the two provinces contain about 2,500,000. Since 1811 the population has increased in per-centage proportion faster than the population of the United States. In Lower Canada the people are chiefly of French origin, and the descendants of this race now form nearly one-third of the total population of both provinces. Another third consists of persons born in Canada of other origin than French, and the remaining third consists of persons born in Ireland, Scotland, England, Germany, France, the United States, and many other countries, immigrants having continually flowed in from all quarters. Deriving, however, a common benefit from the general freedom and a well-ordered government, the population is not the less loyal nor less devotedly attached to the connection with Great Britain because it consists of different races.

Canada, from the coast to the upper end of Lake Superior, being three times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, possessing a fertile soil and a serene and healthy though cold climate—communication between all its parts being facilitated by great inland seas and a noble river,—only requires time to become a great empire. All the cereals by which the life of man, with that of his dependent animals is nourished, flourish there luxuriantly. Already Canada exports annually produce to the value of £6,000,000, which, as the rule, is every year increasing. It consists chiefly of timber and food; but Canada has also mineral wealth, and a capacity for manufacturing, which will be developed as people increase, and the yet untenanted land becomes cultivated. In ample space and exuberant fertility she has the means of greatness; her past great progress is an index to her future; her rulers foresee her destiny, and are assiduous in forwarding it by wise and just institutions.

Since 1849 Canada has been entirely self-governed, and, though firmly united with the mother country, is now rather an independent state than a dependent colony. By a liberal constitution power is fairly diffused amongst all classes. A franchise of £6 in the towns, and of £4 in the rural districts, gives a vote to almost every householder. A system of municipal administration, so necessary where component small communities are widely separated and differ in origin and habits, enables every county, city, town, or township, to elect its own officers and regulate its own affairs. A reform and codification of the law has accompanied the reform of the constitution, and justice is now administered almost at every man's door. Education, by land-grants, endowments, and local taxes, is provided for all. For superior teaching, colleges and universities which may take rank with similar institutions in Europe have come into existence mostly within the last ten years. In 1858, 4,259 educational establishments in Upper Canada, costing \$1,512,386 per annum, were attended by 306,386 pupils; and 2,958 such institutions in Lower Canada, costing \$981,425 per annum, were attended by 156,872 pupils; together, therefore, 463,258 pupils, or nearly one-fifth of the population, was at school. The *habitans* in Lower Canada have already conquered the repugnance they felt at first to education, and their acceptance of this improvement is the first step in the future progress of these interesting but hitherto almost stationary people. Ample means, too, are provided for religious worship; and, much to the credit of the people, they are said to be at once extremely earnest and perfectly tolerant. Pauperism is almost unknown, and distress rare, being confined to newly-arrived immigrants of the poorer class.

Land is sold at 3s. per acre (4s. on credit), and in masses, to facilitate the establishment of communities, at 2s. per acre. The feudal tenures in Lower Canada, derived from France, which stopped progress, and gave rise to many inconveniences, were completely extinguished in 1854, and now land can be cheaply acquired in every part of Canada, subject to no other charges than those the proprietors impose on themselves municipally for their own purposes. Under the influence of self-government, or the application of common sense to solve political problems, the bulk of the social and political institutions of Canada have become what science recommends and freedom demands.

Since 1849, too, the alterations made in our customs and navigation laws, have placed the trade of our colonies under their own control, and Canada derives three-fifths of her revenue from her own customs duties. Levied merely for revenue, such duties, though they may incidentally have a protective effect, are not contrary, more than other taxes, to free trade. Of late, however, her Government has been blamed for increasing them, but it has been unanswerably shown by Mr. Galt, that the increase was indispensable, and the best available means of enabling the Government to fulfil its engagements, and keep faith with its creditors. Canada, like other countries, has a considerable debt, £9,677,672, but it has been chiefly incurred for improving communication, making canals, bridges, railroads, &c. The revenue, in 1843, £445,578; in 1853, £1,714,350; rose in 1859 to \$7,421,432—say £1,484,286. In 1857 the colony,

in common with the United States and England, suffered from the commercial convulsion; in 1858 the harvest was very deficient, so that in 1859 the country was barely restored to its normal prosperity. In the year, however, the revenue exceeded the revenue of 1858 by \$1,646,458, equivalent to two-sevenths. Considering how rapidly the country has been peopled, and how little each of the immigrants carried with him—its prosperity being described “as the offspring of European hopelessness,”—this increase of the resources of the state is another testimony to the productiveness of industry in a condition of freedom. The same population which, in England, Ireland, and Germany, could scarcely obtain a penurious existence, in Canada revels in abundance; and each individual possesses, on the average of the whole, property equal to £40,—the nucleus of great wealth in future for all.

From such beginnings and such progress what may we expect hereafter? From Liverpool to Quebec—the two nearest seaports of England and America,—the distance is 2,583 miles. From Quebec up the St. Lawrence, by the lakes and by railways—some of which are constructed and others projected,—is one of the shortest, safest, and easiest means of reaching the Pacific, by crossing the continent. As the population of Canada spreads, and fills the vast territory stretching southward to the 42nd degree of latitude, including that possessed by the Hudson's Bay Company, Great Britain will acquire an unbroken connection with the Pacific Ocean and its multitudinous islands. It is doubted whether the United States can find within their own territory so convenient an access to the Great Southern ocean. For their own advantage they will probably be disposed to further rather than to check the progress of the works beyond Lake Superior which will be required to complete the route, while the growth and extension of the population of Canada over the vast region will for ever bar out the slave power, and extend the domain of free labour. Only by its energies can the difficulties of obtaining subsistence in the severe climate of the north be overcome; but now that they are overcome, the free population will expand, and force slavery to seek refuge in more southern regions, where a milder climate and an easier command of the means of subsistence may remove it out of the path of civilization, and diminish its horrors. For the sake of humanity it is very desirable that the power of Great Britain, through her union with Canada, should dominate right across the continent, from Quebec to Vancouver's island.

The Canadian Government has long been sensible that Canada forms the best route, by her lakes and the St. Lawrence, to and from the most fertile of the western provinces of the United States; and it has kept steadily in view the improvement of its inland navigation, in order to share with New York the trade between Europe and the western states. The Welland Canal, connecting Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, the Rideau Canal and a canal to avoid the rapids of the St. Lawrence, between Lake Ontario and Montreal, have all been constructed for this purpose. In 1846, the system was completed, and it enabled vessels of 800 tons to pass from the ocean to Lake Ontario, and vessels of 400 tons to pass thence to Lakes Erie, Huron, and Michigan. Then, however, railways came into use, and ensuring a speedy connection, at all times, between the western states and New York, while the lake navigation and the St. Lawrence were closed in winter, it became necessary that Canada, too, should have a system of railways. One has been formed, under the guarantee of the State, and, by the help of its advances, connecting the American railways west of the great lakes with the ocean through Canada in summer and by Portland in winter. In conjunction with the lakes, this route cannot fail, whatever may be done further south, to attract to it a continually increasing traffic from the West. More than twenty vessels passed last year through the Canadian Canals from that quarter, bound for English ports. The Welland Canal, however, though it has been already once widened, requires, apparently, like the Erie Canal, to be still further enlarged. Last year the traffic on it declined very much, and the tolls were lower than in any year since 1848. To enlarge it, or to supplement it by railways, or to do both, are problems which now occupy the attention of the statesmen of Canada. They cannot reasonably hope to divert traffic from New York, but they may create a traffic exceeding that now carried on by this renowned commercial city. It will be only one part of that continuous stream of traffic which at some time hereafter will run between Japan and Europe.

In Canada the Prince of Wales will see the beginning of a great work which he may live to know is one of the wonders of commerce. Years hence he may reflect with pleasure on a journey which made one of the great events of all time impressively familiar to him at its commencement. His visit promises otherwise to be instructive. He may contrast the conveniences and comforts of civilized life with the first germs of society. He will pass from St. James to a patch of clearing on the fringe of a forest, where a solitary family or a solitary man is felling trees to have space for a hut and a garden. Between these extremes he will see every phase of social life. No prince of the House of Hanover has begun his public career under equally favourable auspices; and till now it was not possible to find within the compass of time which His Royal Highness can devote to a journey, the means of beholding, almost in juxtaposition, the first

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germs and the farthest development of society. The empire that embraces them both is itself a marvel, and the journey of His Royal Highness may be expected to strengthen the determination to unite more firmly than ever all its parts, by upholding justice and diffusing freedom.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

WE have it upon the authority of the great Whig statesman, Sheridan, that in the year 1796, "strong wishes were expressed at certain meetings in the City of London for the landing of 300,000 or 400,000 Frenchmen, to give the City heroes 'an opportunity of exercising their prowess in slaughtering them.'" But so great and beneficent a change has taken place in opinion as to the practicability of such a performance, that only a few years ago some of our chief City notabilities sent a kind of remonstrance to Louis Napoleon, deprecating the trial of any such wicked experiment. Since then, owing to well-founded suspicion, more than actual provocation, we have been alternately scratching and soothing the French Emperor, and the French nation, in a style calculated to convince the rest of Europe that we do not distinctly know what to be about. The hand has been extended for a shake, or clenched for a blow, with as much rapidity as that of an Italian peasant playing at *morra*, or *micans digitis*, as the old Romans called it. But at last we have done what it would have spared a good deal of panic to have done three or four years ago. We have settled down strongly on the defensive, depending on ourselves rather more than on our Government, and have exhibited to the whole world—American as well as European—a spectacle of calm and conscious power, and of indomitable resolution, which will add to our prestige, give vigour to our diplomacy, and increase the respectful deference which all men and all nations cannot but feel for moral dignity combined with physical strength. The old motto of the Scotch, "Nemo me impune lacessit," might become the motto of the Volunteers—as it is already the invincible determination of every man among them, and of the nation from which they spring.

We are too late in the field for a description of the recent review in Hyde Park; but not too late to give what Massillon would have called our "*bénédiction des drapeaux*." It required such a noble display as that long series of sombre and steady files in motion—to satisfy

the crowd was right with England, after the last grand military display of which we were spectators: the weather-worn and war-worn army of sixty thousand Frenchmen, pouring in a continuous stream for six mortal hours along the Boulevard of Paris, marching at rapid time, and with as much eager energy in their faces as if they were going to an attack, and not returning from a conquest. No one who is not still under the old *bragadoccio*, though not altogether useless conviction, that one Englishman is equal to an indefinite number of Frenchmen, could have seen that sight without feeling that France was worthy of England's best preparations, by land and by sea. Those who had seen the one sight were best qualified to appreciate the other. From our own display, every true-hearted Englishman received the greatest satisfaction, and greeted it with the warmest applause. We hope that we are returning to the spirit of those days, only with a different weapon, when Philip de Comines was obliged to confess that we were "*la fleur des archiers du monde*,"—and when, without denying, as some modern statesmen have done, the use of a standing army, England may trust mainly to her yeomen and citizens for her safety, as she did when children of six practised with the bow, and when the maintenance of an adequate national defence was a responsibility which rested on the old feudal tenure—a burthen from which, if it was a burthen, the landed proprietors and aristocracy of England were relieved at a most unlikely time, during the Long Parliament, through the agency of Cromwell—a fact which those who abuse Cromwell, or complain of their own share of taxation beyond measure, would do well to remember. That act, relieving the land, was confirmed in the reign of Charles II., in spite of the arguments of Prynne, one of the best lawyers of the day; or, in the words of Mr. Adair, in the House of Commons, in 1794, "In Charles II.'s time, the greater part of the feudal tenures were abolished, and the system of national defence founded on them fell to the ground."

From that time England has, next to her navy, mainly depended on her standing army, and a noble standing army it has been, though a small one.

For every reason, we are of opinion that the Volunteer movement is calculated to do infinite good, not only to the spirit of the nation, but to that of the volunteers themselves: we do not mean to their courage, but to their mutual respect and good feeling, making the chill of contempt and reciprocal comparison pass away beneath the warmth of visible union and a common cause. We have heard of some amongst them, who seem to imagine that the use of a yard wand ought to paralyze the arm for the use of a rifle. Let those who entertain any such fancy, before they shoot anything else, in the words of the poet, "shoot their [own] folly as it flies." Just at this moment it would be the best object for their mental aim. If we are a nation of shopkeepers, let our enemies see what, in the unmetaphorical sense of the word, shopkeepers can do. Raw London apprentices, after a two months' drill, fought tolerably

well at the battle of Naseby, unfortunately against Englishmen: possibly they might fight even rather better against foreigners. At all events, let the yard-wand scorners know that a real gentleman is the least touchy person in the world, and, in defence of his country, would stand shoulder to shoulder with a navvy. Once Lord Moira undertook to say publicly, for the Prince Regent, that the latter would gladly be a private in a volunteer corps. Perhaps vagaries about "dignity" did not exist in former days, when ranks were more clearly defined. Excessive tenderness shows extreme proximity to the man who you fancy is treading on your heel. No social distinction ought to make a man's willing services to his country painful to his feelings. In the French National Guard, individuals of widely different social pretensions stand side by side without shuddering. Association at drill need not imply close connection afterwards; indeed, it is perhaps all the better that it should not, as too great intimacy between the different members of a corps might make their rendezvous centres of dissipation, or of temptations to expense—a danger which has no doubt occurred to parents and masters.

Grave Englishmen will always have their jest; but we have got almost past ridicule point, which was so much dreaded at the time of the last volunteer movement, that Sheridan was obliged to say in one of his speeches, "Till a certain progress is made in discipline, it is in every point of view desirable to be separated from the observation of a promiscuous multitude. There are many individuals to whom, under such circumstances, the stare of a vulgar multitude must produce the most unpleasant sensations. There are men who would much more cheerfully expose themselves to the shot of the enemy than encounter the derision of motley spectators."

It appears that idle men and boys had been penetrating into the privacy of Lord's Cricket-ground, then, as now, one of the places of exercise, with what purpose it is not difficult to divine. If any volunteer of our day has been annoyed by street remarks, let him know that his own and his grandfather's sorrows are the same in this particular.

To other evils of which Sheridan complains we are not now liable. One was expensive uniform, which he remarks deterred many "from flocking to the standard of loyalty." This danger has been foreseen and avoided; and on this point we would remark, that we think there might be more variety of uniform without additional expense.

The black, if it is black, is absurdly prominent; and invisible green is anything but invisible. Why not light greens, olives, and light shades of brown? The French might

"Smile at your lack of taste, though find your valour
Worthy their frowning at."

Political jealousies have also been avoided; they were not formerly. Lord Petre's son then raised a corps of Essex Rangers, but his and their services were declined by Government, because Lord Petre was a member of the Whig club. The Duke of Bedford offered to raise, clothe, and pay, a body of four hundred and fifty men, but, for political reasons, the offer was not accepted. We have not yet had to contend with this species of folly, nor is it likely that it will be repeated.

Talleyrand was heard to say that it was the volunteers who saved England from invasion in 1803-4. Such was the effect of the last great effort; as for this, let it be sustained! *Esto perpetua!*

JUSTICE GRAHAM was the most polite judge that ever adorned the bench, and many amusing anecdotes are related of his courteous expressions. On one occasion it was said he had hastily condemned a man, who had been capitally convicted, to transportation, when the clerk of the court, in a whisper, set him right. "Oh," he exclaimed, "criminal, I beg your pardon; come back!" and putting on the black cap, courteously apologized for his mistake, and consigned him to the gallows, to be hanged by the neck until he was dead. To one found guilty of burglary, or a similar offence, he would say, "My honest friend, you are found guilty of felony, for which it is my painful duty," &c. &c. Among other peculiarities he had a custom of repeating the answers made to him, as illustrated in the following dialogue:—"My good friend, you are charged with murder: what have you to observe on the subject?" "Eh, my lord?" "Eh, how did it happen?" "Why, my lord, Jem aggravated me, and swore as how he'd knock the breath out of my body." "Good; he'd knock the breath out of your body—and what did you reply?" "Nothing; I floored him." "Good; and then—" "Why, then, my lord, they took him up and found that his head was cut open." "His head was cut open—good; and what followed?" "After that, my lord, they gathered him up to take him to the hospital, but he died on the road." "He died on the road; very good." This will match the best of Lord Cockburn's stories of Scottish Justices of the Court of Session, in his entertaining work recently published.—J.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.—The truth—the whole truth—and nothing but the truth, can only be attained with the utmost difficulty. The approximation is all that can or ought to be expected in human affairs. The influence of the press is perhaps greater for what it conceals than for what it reveals. Its versions of events, and accounts of men and their motives, must often be imperfect, and sometimes they are coloured for a purpose, and sometimes they are untrue. To avoid these errors is an onerous task, but yet must be undertaken by every honest chronicler,—most useful and happy when he can fill the place of misinformation or misrepresentation with exact and simple truths.—J.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND ADVERTISERS.

In consequence of the extraordinary demands made upon our space by our advertising friends, we have been reluctantly compelled to omit many articles of general interest which had been prepared for our first number, as well as a large quantity of advertisements. As there is likely to be the same pressure upon our columns in the future, we must request advertisers who imperatively require their advertisements to appear in the current week, to give their orders as early as possible, as preference must be given to the earliest comers. No advertisements can be received after 8 p.m. on Thursdays.

THE LONDON REVIEW

AND

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1860.

In the early days of the newspaper press of England, certain men about town in London herded in coffee-houses, to pick up the information procurable in society, or to be gathered from foreign *Gazettes*, which they afterwards transmitted, under the title of "News Letters," to their correspondents throughout the country. With more facts at our command in a week than the old News-Letter writers could obtain in a month, we propose in this part of our journal to lay before our readers every week a succinct and impartial News Letter of all domestic and foreign events of sufficient importance to be fairly deemed historical.

Since the days of "the great revolution," when the debates in Parliament were occupied with the discussion and determination of those great principles which have given to England the best, because the freest and most workable, constitution in the world, there has not been mooted in the Lower House a series of propositions more important than those submitted to it on Thursday last by the Prime Minister. By his resolutions, Lord Palmerston, as the leader of the Commons of England, declares that the right of granting supplies is in the Commons alone, and that "only in them" is the limitation of all such grants, as to matter, manner, measure, and time; that to guard for the future against the Lords exercising the power of negating the grants of the Commons, the latter should, to secure their rightful control over taxation, so frame bills of supply, as that their right may be maintained inviolate. By these resolutions, the Prime Minister repudiates the interference of the Lords with the privileges of the Commons. He treats their conduct with respect to the Paper Duties as an act of aggression, and calls upon the country to support him and the Commons in its denunciation. The position thus taken by Lord Palmerston is worthy of the chief of a Liberal Administration, and it is one in which he will have the cordial support of the country.

The revenue returns for the half-year ending the 1st of July show a net increase for the quarter, of 326,918*l.*, and for the year ending 30th June, of 5,727,014*l.* There has been an increase in the excise, stamps, property tax, post office, crown lands, and miscellaneous taxes. The decrease on the quarter in the customs is attributable to the various modifications of the tariff, which we owe to Mr. Gladstone's Budget. The amount of the customs decrease is 375,641*l.*, and it is nearly balanced by the increase in the property tax of 306,710*l.*, and more than compensated for by an additional increase of 169,000*l.* in the excise, and 107,660*l.* in stamps. The balance-sheet proves that the resources of the country are elastic, its trade satisfactory, and its capabilities to encounter every emergency unimpaired.

What other empire but England could hear without dismay of that frightful addition to its annual burden which is proposed in the Supplemental Estimate placed on the table of the House of Commons on Tuesday last? Three million eight hundred thousand pounds are required to defray the expenses of the naval and military operations in China during the current year! This sum includes 443,896*l.* to be repaid to the Government of India for advances on account of the Chinese expedition. This is a heavy load to be placed, in the first instance, on the shoulders of Englishmen; but it increases the amount of our demands against China, and for which full compensation must be made at the close of the war.

The value of the rifle as an arm of defence has been already proved in the Tyrol, the United States, and Switzerland. By it the veterans of Napoleon were decimated. Even our own troops in America—the conquerors of the best soldiers, led by the ablest marshals of France—were not able to resist the freshly-levied riflemen at New Orleans. In Switzerland it holds in check ambitious neighbours. And, if an invasion of England be a possible, though we are glad to think it an improbable occurrence, why should not every young man who has health, strength, and good sight procure a rifle, devote his leisure hours to an invigorating and inspiring exercise, make himself master of his weapon, and so become the defender of his own life, and the protector of the honour of his family in case of emergency? Should any invader attack our shores, the riflemen can be that which their ancestors, the archers of England, were in their day: the terror of their foes—the honour, the pride, and the surest defence of their country. The great review of the Volunteers in Hyde-park on Saturday, the 23rd of June, inaugurated it with all befitting honour and *éclat*; and on Monday last, when Her Majesty, accompanied by the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and the members of the royal family, proceeded to Wimbledon Common for the purpose of opening the great rifle match, the good cause received a fresher and fuller development. Henceforth the rifle will be popularized as a weapon of national defence, a new impulse will be given to the public feeling, and the power and influence of Great Britain will be strengthened and extended in every part of the world.

The unprecedentedly high price of meat has been severely felt, during this untoward summer, amongst all classes of mechanics, labourers, and tradesmen. Public meetings have been held in London, Birmingham, Stockport, and other populous towns, for the purpose of devising a remedy. At these meetings some sensible resolutions have been proposed, a few foolish speeches made, and more than one absurd suggestion patiently

listened to. Amongst the sensible resolutions may be mentioned "the determination to abstain from butchers' meat so long as the present high prices continue." Amongst the foolish speeches are those which have declared that "the present high prices of provisions do not arise from any scarcity of food in the markets, but from a monopoly on the part of the provision dealers." To make such assertions in the face of such notorious facts, as the rough winter and harsh spring of the present year, by which crops, cattle, and vegetation have been injured—is either stupidity or dishonesty. Prices are high because food is scarce, and the misfortune cannot be mitigated by the use of harsh and vindictive language against graziers and butchers. It is lamentable, at this time of day, and with a country possessing the advantages of open markets, to find any class of the people seeking for a revival of the law against regraters, and urging those in power to pass statutes for fixing the prices of provisions. What can be more absurd than to call upon Government, as some of these speakers do, to "place the working classes beyond the pale of starvation?" or for free Englishmen to be found expressing a hope "that the time is not far distant when buying and selling cattle will be regulated by Government?" Why not at once call for a restoration of the Plantagenets, and for a revival of the times when Parliament not only regulated the price of meat, but also forbade, under heavy penalties, any labourer or artizan from demanding higher wages than the law-makers chose to allow him?

Lord Shaftesbury has lately presided over two assemblages that are entitled to the attention and sympathy of the public. The first was a *conversazione* in Langham-place, where several papers were read suggesting beneficial employment for women, and showing with what advantage to themselves and the community their time and abilities might be devoted to such occupations as printing, book-keeping, and law-engrossing. Specimens of their "work" in these several branches of industry were exhibited—demonstrating their perfect competency to perform such tasks. The second was a meeting of the "Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes," which devotes itself to the erection of model lodging-houses. According to the report laid before the annual meeting, this society is in a flourishing condition. An instance of what has been effected by its efforts is demonstrated in the condition of Tyndall's-buildings, that "was wont to be a nest of disease and crime;" but in which "there had been no case of fever during the year." It was declared by the chairman that "these model dwellings had, whilst preventing disease amongst the population, been the means of keeping down the parochial rates by 17 per cent." Similar societies have been, during the past year, formed throughout the country; and at Hull an eligible site has been procured for lodging-houses, with a donation of 5,000*l.* given by a lady for that purpose. An additional donation was given by another lady for wash-houses, a laundry, and playground in connection with the proposed lodging-houses.

On Saturday six members of Parliament presented to the Prime Minister a memorial signed by one hundred and sixty-seven members of the House of

Commons who generally vote with the Government, requesting his lordship to withdraw from the English Census Bill the clause which requires every householder to state his "religious profession." The grounds for making this request are that the inquiry would produce "no information deserving of reliance," and also that the clause, if persisted in, would "seriously injure the Liberal party and the Government." Lord Palmerston admitted that a memorial so signed was a document that "demanded serious consideration." This memorial was signed by English, Scotch, and Irish members.

The eighty-fourth anniversary of American Independence was celebrated on Wednesday last by the American Association of London. The fitting sympathy for that national festival—the triumph of the great Republic—was demonstrated by the attendance of a great many Englishmen.

A SHREWD observer and practised courtier, Lord Hervey, in his "Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second," makes this remark with respect to the conduct of certain scions of the house of Brunswick:—"For my own part, I have the conduct of princes in so little veneration, that I believe they act yet oftener without design than other people, and are insensibly drawn into both good and bad situations without knowing how they come there." Perhaps the same charitable view of the incapacity of princes should be taken by the world when it regards the conduct lately pursued by the Carlist pretenders to the crown of Spain. At a time when their country was engaged in a foreign war, they sought to add to its embarrassments by stirring up the flames of civil strife for their own personal aggrandizement. They sacrificed their adherents, and then, to save their own lives, renounced, under their hands and seals, their pretensions to the throne. Upon this condition they were set at liberty. So long as their personal safety was in peril they adhered to the conditions of the Treaty of Tortosa; but once out of danger, they immediately repudiated their solemn renunciation. They who are untrue to themselves expect others to be true to them! The most conclusive proof that a king can give of his unfitness to rule is when he shows that he has no regard for his own deliberately-made promises. The crime beyond all others that consigned Charles I. to the block was his perfidy. No party could rely upon him. He tried to delude and cajole each in turn, and all united in getting rid of him. Commiseration might be felt for the Carlist princes as exiles—pity might have dropped a tear upon their graves had they fallen as heroes in the battle-field, fighting for the maintenance of what they believed to be just principles of government, identified with their own claims as princes; but now, convicted, by their own acts, of rashness, incapacity, and perfidy, what other fate can await them than the scorn of Spaniards, and the contemptuous pity of mankind? There cannot possibly be the smallest chance for these Spanish Bourbons, after this last suicidal act, to reign over that brave people whose love of integrity is well symbolized in their ancient proverb—"Eat sand sooner than do a base action,"—*Comer arena antes que hacer vileza*.

The King of Naples, as "a mark of benevolence," has notified to his subjects, in a public proclamation, issued on the 26th of June, that he is "determined to grant constitutional and representative institutions" to the people of Naples, as well as of Sicily. If His Majesty was at all times influenced by feelings of "benevolence" towards those over whom he rules, how happens it that what he gives in June he would not concede in February? If he refused a constitution formerly because he thought it to be "bad," how comes it now to be considered as "good?" His "benevolence" must have been rightly or wrongly directed at one time or the other; and in whatever light we consider his proceedings, we are forced to the conviction that his sincerity is not to be relied upon. Unimpaired in strength, with an army devoted to him, and a people disposed to be loyal, he refused that which he now concedes. What are the motives to his conduct? They are well explained and tersely expressed in the words of one of his victims—Poerio,—who, in the Parliament of Turin, on the 29th of June, thus described the Bourbon policy in Naples:—"The traditions of the Neapolitan Government are hereditary perjury. The new king, almost to prove the legitimacy of his descent, is preparing to perjure himself; and in order to qualify himself for the task of forswearing himself, he must first swear. It is with that view that he declares himself ready to swear constitutions and alliances."

Garibaldi is carrying everything before him in Sicily, forming an army, organizing a fleet, and opening the ports of the island. How well and honourably he is conducting himself, one fact will suffice to demonstrate: he has recognized the public debt of Sicily, and keeps the funds ready for paying the half-yearly interests due on the 1st July. The soldiers, who a few weeks ago were arrayed against him, are joining his standard. Men rely upon the word of a Garibaldi, whilst they regard the most solemn oaths and declarations of a Bourbon king as unworthy of credence. A characteristic act of this illustrious man has been the destruction of the ancient fortress of Castel-a-Mare. For a long time the fortress had been used for a double purpose—as a fortification to overawe Palermo, and as "a bastille," or state prison, for the incarceration of all suspected of plots, or even of aspiring for liberty. Garibaldi desired Castel-a-Mare to be destroyed, not by the soldiers, but by the people, to whom it had long been an object of execration. The wish of Garibaldi was at once acted upon: men, women, children—even clergymen—united together for its demolition; and the last accounts from Sicily declare that, in a few days every vestige of this stronghold of despotism will have disappeared. It is upon the site of Castel-a-Mare that a statue should be erected to "Joseph Garibaldi, Liberator of Sicily."

Garibaldi, in a letter dated 24th June, has applied to his friends in London,

asking the English people to aid the cause of Italy by "a couple of steamers armed with Armstrong guns." We hope they will be forthcoming.

The enemies of Italian liberty are actively engaged. Proposals have been circulated by diplomatists for a confederation of Italian states, upon the basis of the Austrian and French compacts; and arrangements are made for a "popular" vote on the annexation of Sicily to Piedmont. The occurrences in Savoy show how such annexations are managed. The materials for getting up a popular vote are to be had in Paris, with tricolor flags, gas-lamps, illuminations, and other "demonstrations for the Emperor," in his visits to the various towns in France.

On Tuesday last was celebrated in Paris with all the grandeur and solemnity of imperial dignity, the funeral of Prince Jerome—the uncle of the reigning Emperor—the brother of Napoleon the First. The circumstance is not only remarkable in itself—but acquires additional interest in the fact that but few years have passed away since it was deemed to be an impossibility the Bonapartes could be restored to France. Their existence as a dynasty was regarded as a portion of history almost as difficult to believe as the realization of an ancient fable. One of the shrewdest of French writers—a person who ought to have known the sentiments of his fellow-countrymen—the celebrated Balzac, writing at a time when the throne of Louis Philippe appeared to be firmly established, thus referred to the great Emperor:—

"Troie et Napoleon ne sont que des poemes."

The poem is converted into a stern reality. Jerome, with no great qualities to recommend him, is honoured with a public funeral, attended by the representatives of all the crowned heads of Europe; whilst Louis Philippe is buried in an obscure grave in England, and his sons wander as exiles away from the land over which the man whom they scorned as too contemptible a rival, now reigns—the most absolute of monarchs.

Syria was restored to the sovereignty of the Porte by means of the two Christian powers, England and Austria. Previous to the usurpation of Mehemet Ali, the Maronite Christians had often been exposed to the cruel incursions of the Druses. Whilst Mehemet Ali reigned over Syria, such maltreatment of the Christians was prevented; but Mehemet Ali having been driven out of Syria, and the administration of affairs restored to the Porte, the misdeeds of former times were renewed; and by the last advices from Beyrout (to the 21st June) we learn that the Druses, aided by Kurds and Bedouins, have attacked the town of Zahli, the last refuge of the Chris-

tians, sacked it, burned it to the ground, and put to death 1,000 Christians—men, women, and children! Assuredly, England, which restored power to the feeble hands of the Porte, ought to use its influence to put an end to these barbarities.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. I.

I BEG to inform my readers (who will, I hope, include all the sensible and educated men and women of Great Britain and Ireland, Canada and the United States, India and Australia), that this column of "THE LONDON REVIEW" belongs to me, John Wagstaffe, of Wilbye Grange, gentleman, justice of the peace, and ex-M.P. for Great Stumpington. I am not an author by profession, and shall not be paid for my contributions; for I feel too much indebted to the editor for the use of this column whenever I need it for the expression of my honest opinions on men and things to take his money. And, to tell the truth, I do not want money. I have six thousand a year,—a house in Belgrave, another in Marlshire,—and a fair wife, who loves me, and who never so much as heard of Sir Cresswell Cresswell, or, having heard, never cared to know the gentleman's business. I have, in addition to these blessings, eight handsome children, several very strong opinions and sturdy British prejudices, a good cellar of wine, a somewhat irritable temper, and the gout. I belong to four clubs in Pall-mall and St. James's-street. I took the degree of M.A. at Oxford, and have travelled over most parts of Europe and North America, and seen more than a little of life and the world. All my wild oats have long been sown, even to the wild oats of my theological and political opinions. In my hot youth I fancied that I was a Radical in politics; but it was a mere fancy, born of my inexperience,—for I found ere I was thirty years of age, and after I had contested and won Great Stumpington, at a sore expense, that I was too prudent to be a Radical, too conservative to be a Whig, and too liberal to be a Tory. I have not now a seat in Parliament, and do not wish to have. It is too full of juvenile "swells," provincial attorneys, and ignorant men who have made money, without being able to speak correct English or do justice to the letter H, to suit my tastes in my advancing years. In fact, I neither like the company nor the hours they keep, nor the dirty thoroughfare of a contested election, which it is necessary to pass in order to get among them. So I keep out of Parliament, and save my money and my character, and look after my gout and my own affairs. I do not think it necessary that the reader should know any more about me for the due appreciation of the papers that I shall from time to time write in this column, unless it be the small and unimportant fact that he need not look in the "Court Guide," the "Post-office Directory," or the Club Lists, to find me under the name of Wagstaffe. The income and property-tax collector knows no such person, neither are my club associates acquainted with me under that cognomen. I do not choose that either the swells or the noodles, or the respectable gentlemen of the pleasant establishments to which I belong, should know my secret, and either bore me with their impertinent curiosity, or cut me in the lobby because I have become a

public writer, and may have to show up noodledom if my pen and my fancy happen to run in that direction.

In this column the editorial "we" shall be discarded; and I shall speak in the first person singular—heedless of the egotism,—which I think may be made quite as good as the "we-gotism" of the editor and his other contributors. In this column I shall be perfectly independent, and shall not inquire whether I agree or disagree with the sentiments expressed and the policy supported in other portions of the journal. The column is mine, and I shall do what I like with it—saying my say upon all topics whatsoever, and calling the editor himself to account, if it so please me. I warn the reader, in order that he may understand me from the first, that I am one of the class of men of whom Dr. Samuel Johnson so much approved. I am, I hope, a good, hearty, honest hater. I detest bad men, bad ministers, bad measures, bad manners, bad wine, bad cookery, and bad books. Whenever the humour seizes me, or the occasion calls, I shall speak my mind in the plainest English I can command, on these or any other subjects.

One of my idiosyncrasies, with which I trust to make the reader more familiar in due time, is my detestation of the present race of political and literary critics in Parliament and in the press. I hate their arrogance, injustice, carelessness, and conceit, and intend in this place to open for outraged public men, and for authors and artists, a Court of Appeal, where the judges shall be judged, the critics criticized, the reviewers reviewed. And as my motives may be misconstrued, I beg to state, at the outset and once for all, that no personal pique, or wounded vanity, is at the bottom of my determination. I have not published a book or made a speech which the newspapers have reviled; but my British sense of fair-play is so continually outraged by the injustice done by the little whipper-snappers of the daily, weekly, and quarterly press, and by the wide-mouthed lawyers in Parliament, climbing by dint of tongue up the greasy pole of preferment, that I can hold silence no longer. They annoy me by their efforts to impress upon the vulgar that there is neither generalship in the army, piety in the pulpit, patriotism in the senate, learning in Westminster Hall, nor common sense or honesty anywhere, unless it be marked with their mark, and "endorsed" (to use their own slang) by their approval. When Lord Raglan, in the Crimea, was proving even to our jealous French rivals that he was a true, good man, and a hero of a *bravoure antique*, the small gaddies of Parliament and the press

were buzzing their detraction in his dying ears. When Admiral Hope was fighting against fearful odds and enormous treachery on the muddy shores of the Peiho, there was scarcely a critic in England who had not a reproach to cast at him, and a self-satisfied smirk on his face, born of the conceit, that he (the critic) could have done the thing better. As for the literary critics, some of whom sell the books that they abuse, to help pay the small bills of their washerwomen, there is not an ignoramus amongst them who does not seek to convey the impression to his readers that he can write a better history than Macaulay or Hallam, and a better novel than Sir Walter Scott or Sir Bulwer Lytton. Over all the doings of these fellows, I, John Wagstaffe, shall keep a sharp look-out. They have had so much of their own way of late, that their presumption has become unbearable. In me—especially when my gout is upon me—they shall find a judge ready to execute justice, and not to be turned from his purpose by fear or favour. Generals, admirals, ministers, public functionaries, poets, historians, novelists, painters, sculptors, musicians—behold, in Mr. Wagstaffe's column of "THE LONDON REVIEW" the High Court of Equity, to which appeal shall never be made in vain, against the false verdicts pronounced by ignorant, envious, careless, or incompetent criticism, printed or spoken, sung or brayed, whispered or shouted. Not that I mean to confine myself to this function, for the men who can do nothing but criticize the performance of others, and perform nothing themselves, I hold in small estimation. In this column, while it is mine, there shall be complete liberty of subject, of treatment, and of opinion. I shall not only consider the topics started by others, but start subjects of my own; carrying my pen into corners of our social system and observances, where the pens of newspaper writers and reviewers have not hitherto thought it worth while to penetrate. But the reader need not expect to hear my voice every week. If I have nothing to say, I hope I shall be wise enough to say—NOTHING.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

THE talk of the week in literary circles is decidedly about *The London Review*. To start for the Derby is something; but to start in the newspaper race is a horse of another colour. An annual triumph is, no doubt, very gratifying; but a foremost perennial place in the front rank of the press is an object of nobler ambition, extremely difficult of attainment, and requiring bottom, speed, skill, judgment, and other high qualities, to win. Quite sensible of all this (and we, in this column, speak in our own behalf, and not in that of the editor), *The London Review* seems to start with confidence, and ask no odds.

But, *pendente curriculo*, it may be asked—What is a Newspaper? and then, if one looks around, it requires nerve and jockeyship to fancy there is a fair chance among them; for, in fact, though they have entered the course under that name, many of them are not newspapers at all. It would not do to be invidious, and therefore rather to generalize than particularize is due to the clerk of the course; but the blind may see that.

Some are so pre-eminently political, that, pursuing their grand purposes, in a great measure as pamphlets, they care little or nothing for that sort of intelligence

in which the vast majority of readers take a greedy interest. The chief end of such papers is to reprehend, commend, advise, or, it may be, dictate, to governments, at home or abroad. Their peculiar vocation is to set domestic affairs right, and foreign affairs in the strong light—of their own vision. In finance, if ways and means fail, they will put the Chancellor of the Exchequer up to a new dodge—say a tax upon gray mares; and if Europe is in a turmoil, they will arrange the nationalities within hills, rivers, natural frontiers, &c., in the most fitting manner and becoming tranquillity—of mares' nests. For the ordinary circumstances and lessons of life they have neither taste nor room.

Others add to these propensities the admired distinction of being utterly devoted to party, party designs, and party manœuvres, so that, if the former omit news, the latter improve upon the vacancy by perverting them to subserve their more direct and limited aims. They give intelligence all on one side, or, if on the other, so disguised that neither origin nor shape can be traced. Conjurors, who can make truth lie, are not wanting to this ingenious band.

Others, again, pretend to nothing more than omniscience, and, with modest presumption, humbly venture to condemn everything and censure everybody. News from them would be a curiosity; for if they

—delight to snarl and bite,
'Tis but their nature;

and acrimony beats harmony in attracting—at least for a season, the long ears of the listeners to oracles from these metamorphosed Bully Bottoms.

A pretty numerous class are famed for ocular demonstrations—pictorial as mummy-cases, science shows, and portrait galleries. What may be represented or misrepresented it is not easy to decide; but, speculatively, taking the ideal with the real, upon the whole, and considering the true amount of knowledge that can be conveyed by this method, an opinion may be hazarded that the eligible means of typography is capable of doing more (not transposing the importance of principal and accessory), and that—

When lost to sight to memory dear

is rather a drawback than an advantage in the supply of mature and rational instruction. To illustrate matters otherwise difficult to be clearly understood may often be desirable, but it is not consistent nor useful to be always illustrating or shaping text to picture, instead of picture to text.

A was an Archer, and shot at a frog,

is excellent for children; but men, though of a larger growth, are not big babies; and when they have any sense can do better with less "artistic" nonsense than too frequently occupies the place of sterling information.

On the argument for and against publishing an Editor's name there is some-

thing to be said on both sides; but the *pros* appear to beat the *cons* quite beyond the distance-post. The anonymous, when worth while, is readily penetrated; and though loud thunder may issue from the cloud, and amaze the outer world, the aggrieved thereby will find means to discover and reach

Jove in the air,
Of the sky Lord Mayor;

and make him answerable for the lightning blast. The "staff" and contributors are generally well-known, and traceable; for the former cannot conceal their connection and particular province, and the latter are wonderfully apt to blazon their doings, if they make a noise; if they do not, why, the least said is soonest mended, and ignorance is bliss. But when an individual openly promulgates his name, he is, after all, only immediately responsible for what cannot be avoided in the pseudo-secret case. The Great Unknown is as liable for consequences as he, and yet the mere fact that he has sought no disguise or cover, must operate beneficially on his conduct. He is face to face with the public, and cannot equivocate. There is no hedging in his race, and the result must be advantageous. To say the least, some modesty must attach to the delivery of his opinions, some honesty be infused into his judgments, some authority be found in his statements, and some gentlemanly and candid feelings be displayed towards every one, and on every subject and occasion. Only a single virtue is indispensable to his righteous performance of his onerous task: he must be inflexible, guided entirely by a sense of the duty he has undertaken—even stern when it is demanded; and guarded against being misled too far from the straight path by the kindly sympathies which deserve moderate yielding, but not sacrifice.* It is very desirable, then, to prove that a Newspaper may be a Newspaper, furnishing news of every kind worthy of well-informed and intelligent beings, without being at all dictatorial, self-sufficient, inefficient; sold to faction, superficially fast, profoundly slow, or grievously jocular;—in short, that the wide field in which literature, arts, sciences, legislation, instruction, and social progress (marked by ever-occurring ordinary and extraordinary incidents), may be explored diligently, faithfully, and cheaply, so as to produce a sheet combining a new construction of the N.—north, E.—east, W.—west, and S.—south,—an obsolete notion!—and combine News, Entertainment, Wisdom, and Success!

The whole town has witnessed in a happy humour the advent of the *Orphéonistes*—those interesting foreigners (not the less so because our Betty calls them the Orphanists). Regarding them and their movements with extreme complacency, we have jotted down a few observations concerning them. A letter, signed "Felix Aldin" (All din?), barrister and honorary director of the Choral Society of Paris, L'Odeon, in the *Times*, is devoted to rectify public opinion as to the true motives of the writer's compatriots in coming in such a mass, from so far to the "noble shores of England." It reminds us rather of the recipe for taking the curls out of a wig:—Dip it into a tub would not do: immerse it in the ocean would! The gist of M. Aldin's letter is that the expenditure of the *Orphéonistes* in London is not defrayed by the Crystal Palace, and that there is no pecuniary reward for their performances, the bare idea of which is revolting to the feelings of men belonging to every rank of French society. The expense

* Our correspondent had only seen our announcement, and not our prospectus, when he wrote this letter; and the coincidence in opinion of a veteran of some authority in the periodical press is so far satisfactory that we overlook somewhat of repetition.—Ed. L. R.

of travel to and fro between Paris and London is all that has been contributed from other sources to this disinterested artistic visit. A second letter in the same journal, and in a yet more French or grandiloquent style, is subscribed by Andorier, *rédauteur*, and twenty other Orphéons, (53, Lower Thames-street), including another *rédauteur*, a pharmacien, and sundry notaries, also repudiates pay, and states that they did not come to see and sing for such vile, selfish ends (*dans un but, aussi vilement intéressé*), the bare supposition of which is an error which their *honneur* and their *dignité* demand to be obliterated. No; their object was to promote a grand emulation, calculated to comprehend "the secret of the prosperity of two peoples." Never were such results likely to be realized by trombone and trumpet accompaniments before; never was singing so prospectively effectual in cementing the Anglo-French alliance. The *entente cordiale* was nothing to it. It was a "patriotic and quite national demonstration"—a duet, in fact, introduced by a solo, "Napoleon III.," and concluded by a glee of the British empire and a dinner at the Crystal Palace. They were friends and brothers, not salaried instruments—which would be altogether incompatible with *la dignité Française*. It was not an *odieuse spéculation*, yet there were 2,500 vocalists from remote parts of France, most of them artisans, who had saved money for six months, in order to pay their way, and the other 500 of higher rank, who had means to assist their associates in gratifying their common love for harmony and having a peep at John Bull's smoky city.

Among the things said about the *Orphéonistes*, not exactly in a similar spirit, we may refer to the *Charivari*, or *Paris Punch*, whose quips and jests on the occasion are the more amusing as they include not a little piquant irony upon the *Rifle Review* in Hyde Park. Our facetious friend *Cham* of the *Charivari*, not having the fear of an *avertissement* before his eyes, is funny upon the subject, and says it is certain the English are a little offended "*quelque peu toqués*;" while the grand review of Saturday (not our esteemed cotemporary the *Saturday Review*) has turned their heads. And it was a wonderful spectacle. Some of the journals compute the array at 18,000; others go so far as to estimate it at no less than 20,000 riflemen! Their order and discipline was prodigious; and the acclamations of all *Cockayne* loud enough to be heard, Heaven knows how far beyond the Rhine and the Po. But the Volunteers were forbidden to shout till "half-past six o'clock," and were so steady that they didn't. But when the hour did come, they revenged themselves *joliment*, for the long restraint, by one "*cri sorti de toutes les poitrines*," the highest their bosom-bellows could supply the wind to "ventilate." Till then (continues our quizzing informant) they kept looking at their watches for the appointed time, and trembled with impatience, when a voice exclaimed, "Gentlemen, it is half-past six!"—and in an instant there broke forth a *hourra* the most unanimous and formidable that ever was uttered. The ridicule of the entire exhibition is sportively enhanced, after the fashion of Sterne's single captive, with an individual portrait of supreme mockery. One fellow, *M. Charivari* describes, whose watch ranged slow, was so admirably drilled, that he kept back five minutes after the general shout, and had a *hourra* by himself! He was threatened with the police, but nothing came of it; and after the parade was over he went and boxed the watchmaker who had thus mis-horologed him. Our humorous critic adds that a grand naval demonstration next week, at Spithead, was the great talk of London; and pleasantly remarks that such is the way at this moment in which the people, the most serious on the face of the earth, amuse themselves! *Voilà à quoi s'amuse en ce moment le peuple le plus sérieux de la terre!* Still connecting our glorious manifestation of British feeling with the fear of orpheonistic invasion, the publication of next day, June 30, hits away at its butt, in the arrowy shape of letters from one of the company of invaders. The correspondence is whimsical enough—we doubt if "Our Own Correspondent" could be more entertaining,—and assuredly, for the truth and reliableness of his account they are much on a par with others we have occasionally read in various papers. A *M. Chiffolard*, and the immortal *Three Thousand*, started from Paris, as is stated, the railway whistle hissing variations on *Le Carnival de Venise*. He was beset by an Englishman, who tried to make him drunk with grog, and other strong drinks, in order, as he perceived, to pump out of him what he knew about the descent upon England, to the first corps of which he evidently belonged, while the others were to follow in due succession. He assured the Orphite that it was of no use endeavouring to humbug him,—"*Il et était inutile* (as he expressed himself in pure French), *de tromper moi, je sais tout*;"—he knew all about it. They arrive at Boulogne, with the spy in terrible agitation. He is pale, more dead than alive, and leaping off the train into a *fiacre*, the last that is heard of him is "*Au telegraph*." *Chiffolard* concludes that he is an emissary of Lord Palmerston's. The first letter from London is of the 27th June, about two leagues from which capital the vessel in which the awful sea-sickening channel had been crossed was hostilely boarded, and the passengers told of ladies armed with grenades prepared to afford them a warm reception, and of the brave Riflemen of London, who were warned of their designs, and had taken proper measures to thwart them,—calling upon them therefore, there and then, to surrender at discretion. He gathered that all this was owing to a dispatch from Boulogne. The Riflemen accordingly ransack their sacs without finding aught warlike till near the end, where a *pistolet au ballon* of the value of fifteen sous, belonging to Toto, creates an enormous sensation, and is held to be evidence of their covert purpose. On representations to head quarters, however, they are set at liberty, and the first things they notice are announcements that "English is spoken here," and placards on the walls announcing splendid fireworks in honour of the victory of the noble corps of volunteers over their invaders. Explanations ensue. Tranquillity is restored. They are cordially welcomed, right and left. At the *table d'hôte* a notable company treat them courteously, and after feed, request them (*i.e.* the pseudo letter-writer and his comrade) to sing, but they refuse, on the excuse that they had come to chant in an entire body, and exceptional cases would not suit. In fine, *Chiffolard* swears that he would not lift his voice if 200,000 of the Riflemen of London were to press the task upon him. "A noble lady," however, throws

herself at his feet, and begs him to oblige her; and as "no Frenchman can say no to a *jolie femme*, he pours out the popular air—

Ah! il a des bottes,
Il a des bottes, bottes, bottes . . .

and his splendid baritone is tumultuously applauded. And lastly we have the thorough French *dénouement*. The noble lady rises, slips a billet into the enchanter's hand, and retires. Five minutes after *Chiffolard* follows, and the writer, "*Philippe Cornuand*" by signature, goes to the opera to spend his solitary night.

THE MUSICAL SEASON IN LONDON.

DURING what is called "the London Season," the beginning and the end of which are marked by the opening and closing of the great places of fashionable resort, the two Italian Opera Houses,—a period which generally includes the months of April, May, June, and July,—a greater quantity of music, of every variety of kind and quality, is heard in our metropolis than in any other city (our rival, Paris, not excepted) in the course of the whole year. During these four months London is the resort of all the musical talent and celebrity in the world. Legions of public performers, of every sort,—singers, pianists, violinists, harpists,—flock to the capital whose streets are paved with gold. A professional expedition to London is a journey to the *diggings*. The ore is not so abundant as the adventurers have been led to believe; but, such as it is, the foreigners contrive to get the largest share of it, leaving in the race of industry, enterprise, and (we must add) impudence, our quieter and more shame-faced countryfolks far behind. Without any superiority of merit, and often without any merit at all, numbers of them push themselves into favour with the court, the aristocracy, and the fashionable classes, and penetrate into circles from which Englishmen and Englishwomen are excluded. The complaint that native talent is neglected in England is sometimes represented as unfounded or exaggerated. In some things it may be so, but not in music. It has been made ever since the time of the great old English musician, Henry Lawes, whose remarkable words, uttered in the seventeenth century, might be repeated with perfect truth by his countrymen of the present day:—"Wise men have observed our generation so giddy, that whatsoever is native, be it ever so excellent, must lose its taste because themselves have lost theirs. For my part, I desire to render every man his due, whether stranger or native. I acknowledge the Italians the greatest masters of music, but yet not all; and, without depressing the honour of other countries, I may say our own nation hath had, and yet hath, as able musicians as any in Europe; and many now living (whose names I forbear) are excellent both for the voice and instruments. I never loved to set or sing words I do not understand. But this present generation is so sated with what is native that nothing takes their care but what is sung in a language which (commonly) they understand as little as they do the music." It is true that the claims of English talent are sometimes so great that no class of society can overlook them; but these cases are rare and exceptional, and the exceptions only prove the rule. Generally speaking, English music and English musicians do not find acceptance in the regions of rank and fashion, and we know what a large portion of the English public consists of fashionable or would-be fashionable society.

Fortunately, however, there is a still larger portion of the public—and it is daily increasing—who are not guided by the dictates of fashion in their musical tastes and judgments. These people may love fashionable music and musicians, but they do so, not because the music and the musicians are fashionable, but because they are excellent. The Queen, in her royal box at the opera, and the humble occupant of a seat in the gallery, may derive the same enjoyment from the strains of Mozart or Meyerbeer, coming from the lips of Mario or Grisi; but the humbler classes derive a much higher enjoyment from another kind of music,—the sublime oratorios of Exeter Hall,—to which fashion pays little attention. Queen Victoria, exemplary in everything, has set the example of listening to the music of Handel and Mendelssohn; but the example has been but little followed, and among the middle-class multitudes who crowd to suffocation the vast edifice in the Strand, the fashionable visitors are few and far between. The same thing is the case with the concerts of the Philharmonic Society,—a body for half a century renowned through Europe for the classic grandeur of its orchestral music, and for which the most illustrious masters—Beethoven, Cherubini, Spohr, and Mendelssohn—have expressly written some of their greatest works,—which has, during its whole existence, been supported by the middle classes of London. Its refined and intelligent audience is drawn from the ranks of trade and commerce, literature, the learned professions, and the fine arts. In the lists of its subscribers the name of a titled personage has seldom appeared; and this continues to be the case, notwithstanding the constant attention paid to these concerts by the Queen and the Prince Consort.

Such, we apprehend, is the division with respect to music which still exists in different classes of the English public. But this is an age of progress. The tendency of the time is the approach and union of the various ranks and degrees of society. The hard lines of demarcation, drawn by mutual ignorance and prejudice, which have set class against class and rank against rank, are disappearing under the influence of liberal and enlightened views; and it may be expected that the judgment and feelings of the nation will become more catholic in music, as in graver things.

We have been diverted by these reflections from our immediate object of giving a few particulars respecting the musical entertainments of the present London Season.

Everybody knows that the Italian Opera, the oldest and most magnificent of these entertainments, is now split in twain. Ever since the great schism of 1847 and the establishment of the Royal Italian Opera in Covent Garden, in opposition to Her Majesty's Theatre, we have had two opera-houses, each as great as the single one was before. There was a similar schism a hundred years before, which in a short time had the effect of ruining Handel, as well as the party which opposed him. Our modern schism has been equally disastrous, for the lessees of both houses have been ruined more than once, while Covent Garden Theatre was destroyed by fire. The theatre has been rebuilt, and the establishment is carried on with great energy by the present lessee, Mr. Gye; while the old house, in the hands of Mr. Smith, of Drury-lane, is managed with no less vigour. Their present competition seems a combat à l'outrance—a mortal struggle. Each establishment is on a scale of

unprecedented magnitude and expense. Each company is a numerous constellation, and the two together seem to include almost every great star in the musical firmament. In engaging his performers each manager seems to have considered less how he might supply himself than how he might cut off the supplies of his rival. The consequence is, that each theatre has three or four times as many principal performers as there is any occasion for, and many useful and eminent *sujets* are "eating their heads off" because their employers have not got work for them to do. This seems a desperate—almost suicidal kind of warfare; and if both combatants survive the struggle,—if the receipts cover the expenditure of both,—how inexhaustible must be the resources of our vast metropolis! Assuredly no other capital in Europe could support such a burden. Were any good done by this enormous expenditure it might be well; but it is all thrown away,—nay, it does positive harm. To raise the needful supplies, the number of performances is increased by means of what are called "extra nights," and, by and by, we shall see both theatres open every night. The effect of this must be to deteriorate the quality of the entertainments. There is no time for careful rehearsal and preparation; and the performers, fatigued and worn by unceasing toil, cannot do justice to their parts. The evil effects of such treatment upon the voices and energies of some of the greatest of them are now matter of common remark. We hope that the lessees of both houses may see the prudence of discontinuing this "fast and furious" style of management.

The musical establishment which has had the greatest influence upon the taste of the great body of the people, not in London only, but throughout the country, is the Sacred Harmonic Society. Only six-and-twenty years ago—in 1834—a small knot of lovers of choral music and worshippers of Handel combined for the purpose of performing the oratorios of the great master; and this body is still a mere society of amateurs, without any public position or corporate status, while it has grown to the magnitude and importance of a national institution. Thirty years ago the works of Handel were scarcely ever heard in London, and musical Londoners were glad to indulge their love of his music by travelling (which they did in multitudes) to the great provincial music-meetings, or festivals, at York, or Norwich, or Birmingham. At the present time, those sublime efforts of heaven-born genius are within the reach of any one who walks into Exeter Hall with half-a-crown in his pocket. Almost every week during a great part of the year that vast building is crowded to the ceiling with intelligent and enthusiastic multitudes. Cheap, but correct and handsome, editions of those mighty works are sold every year in thousands upon thousands; and it has been estimated that a much greater number of copies of *The Messiah* have been sold in the last ten years than during the whole preceding century. As the Sacred Harmonic Society has done so much, it is perhaps ungracious to say that it might do more. But such, we think, is the case. The Society does not show its former energy. It is relaxing in its efforts, and seems disposed to rest upon what it has done. It has produced the chief, but not the whole Oratorios of Handel; and these, together with Haydn's *Creation*, Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, and Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* and *Elijah*, form the entire round of the works that are performed in Exeter Hall. Of the music of Johann Sebastian Bach—a name as illustrious as Handel himself—not a note has ever been heard; and there are many sacred works of the great German and Italian masters, the performance of which we might naturally expect from a society possessed of such ample resources.

Here, for the present, we must break off; reserving for another paper a notice of the other features of the London Musical Season.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE STAGE.

It is almost an inevitable condition of theatrical criticism, that it shall assert the superiority of the past over the present. In fact, the means of an equitable comparison do not exist. You cannot assemble your early favourites on the same stage with contemporary actors, and judge them under the same circumstances, and by the same standard. Distance flings its enchantment over the heroes and heroines of twenty or thirty years ago, and the exaggerated impressions left upon the imagination at a season of life when the commonest forms of art were more or less new and wonderful, no subsequent experience can wholly correct. Love to the sexagenarian is not the same thing it was when he first saw "Romeo" in the prime of his passionate youth. He does not believe in half the fine sentiments he held sacred then. Life has become altogether a different affair; his faith and enthusiasm have gone down, and his sympathies are not to be reached by any of the vulgar approaches against which he was once utterly defenceless. He has exhausted the whole arcana of clap-trap; he knows beforehand everything that is about to be done; the most subtle "points" go for next to nothing, and his familiarity with traditional business predisposes him to treat all kinds of conventional skill with indifference or contempt. Strictly just decisions are not to be looked for when the judge throws his reminiscences into the scale; and comparative verdicts are, therefore, properly regarded with suspicion.

But the state of the Stage considered at large, with reference to its general development, does not come within this exceptional description of criticism. Historical groups, or periods, open more comprehensive views, and are independent of the illusions of youth. The critic who cannot get Munden out of his head, or who, with Grieve and Beverley producing miracles under his eyes, insists upon Marinari's Realms of Bliss as the triumph of scenic resources, may fairly be distrusted; but it is altogether another matter to set up a parallel between successive epochs of the stage, with a view to determine whether, upon the whole, we have advanced or retrograded; and, perhaps, to pick up, as we proceed, a clue to some of the causes that have influenced the change for the better or the worse.

The historical periods, without going back to the days of the Alleyns and Burbages, or the Kynastons and Nell Gwyns, which would be useless for any practical purposes, may be counted on your fingers. Our modern stage falls into three large groups, following in a close series, united by connecting links transmitted from one to another. In the first we find Garrick, Barry, and Mossop; in the second, the Kemble family; and in the third, Edmund Kean and Young, fading into Macready, with whom it expired. The whole term comprised in these remarkable and distinct epochs was inconsiderable. A single life-time spanned them all. Mrs. Garrick lived to see Edmund Kean reach the height of his professional reputation.

If we take the present moment as the culminating point of a fourth period, or cluster of actors, we shall have no great difficulty in resolving the question which interests us just now. Details are unnecessary. Every person at all acquainted with theatrical history has a sufficient grasp of the periods we have pointed out to enable him to make a loose comparative estimate of their special and prominent characteristics. He knows in the main whether the stage improved or deteriorated, for example, under the Siddons dynasty, whether the "legitimate" drama is as much cultivated nowadays as it was then, and whether comedies were as well cast in the age of Elliston as they might be now, supposing that they entered into the scheme of our current entertainments. Difference of opinion will, of course, always exist upon the merits of particular actors. While the bulk of the public will, probably, continue to accept such authority as that of Fielding for the fact that Garrick was a genius, there will never be wanting people, if it were only for the singularity of the thing, to maintain that he was a charlatan; the measured elocution of Kemble is lifeless and artificial to the disciples of other "schools;" and you sometimes meet an old playgoer who confidentially assures you that Kean was no better than a trickster, and that the startling energy of which you have heard so much vented itself in a shriek and a frantic tossing up of arms in the air. But these variations of opinion vanish in the consideration of the periods to which the individuals belonged. It is not Kean or Kemble, but generations of actors, and the tendencies of the stage in their time, that we are thinking of here.

There were assuredly giants in the days when that famous picture of the Kembles in "Henry VIII.," a whole historical gallery in itself, was painted by Harlowe. Later still, when Elliston, Emery, and Dowton gave animation to the artistic dialogue of Holcroft, and inspired even the flimsy outlines of Morton and Reynolds with vivacity. Later still, when Edmund Kean, Young, and Charles Kemble appeared together, night after night, in "Othello," "Julius Caesar," and similar dramas. It would be easy to surround these representative names with a brilliant company of distinguished performers; but, *cui bono*? All the world that knows anything about the English stage knows that plays were cast and acted until within the last ten or fifteen years in a way they have never been cast or acted since. The fact is patent. Not only is the power of casting such plays with adequate and becoming ability absolutely gone, but the plays themselves are gone. Where is "Othello" now? Where is the "School for Scandal?" where "Macbeth?" the "Clandestine Marriage," "Romeo and Juliet," "As you Like It?" Gone—we believe to Melbourne or California, or hiding their heads in barns in the provinces.

We are speaking expressly and exclusively of the London stage, concerning which it will be our province hereafter to descend into more minute particulars, both as to theatres and actors. We now limit ourselves to generalities; and they are sufficiently discouraging. The decline of the stage is an old cry. We are beginning at last to understand what it meant. Nobody complains of the decline of the stage now, because the theatres are prosperous as commercial speculations. Yet the most successful manager will scarcely venture to deny that the stage and the drama—which the public are insensibly learning to look upon as something apart from the actors—have fallen notoriously in every department except that of the money-takers. Pecuniary success, under such circumstances, only aggravates the misfortune, because it shows that the public taste has sunk with the stage itself.

But where are the proofs that the stage has sunk? Everywhere—on the boards of every theatre, in the daily bill, in the novelties produced, and in the stock drama abandoned. There are whole lines of business, to use a technical and very expressive term, which were indispensable thirty years ago, and without which comedy is impossible, that have altogether passed into oblivion. Certain classes of actors that were trained in the tragedy of the same age no longer exist. We are not pleading for the restoration of comedy and tragedy; we are only indicating some of the results of their being laid aside. Whether tragedies and comedies were kinds of plays which it was desirable to displace by other forms of drama is a problem independent of the extinction of available power consequent upon their suppression. To say that the lower form of drama, which has pushed the higher from its stool, is more popular, and that those who live to please must please to live, is begging the whole question. All we know is that it is more popular under existing conditions; but we do not know, and we do not believe, that it would be more popular if the conditions could be altered back to what they were. There is action and reaction in the relations of the stage and the public, as in other relations. The stage has clearly sustained heavy losses of strength in particular directions. The long line of rakish, high-bred gentlemen, coming down from the Sir Frederick Frolick of *Etherege*, through the Wildairs, the Young Mirabels, and the Charles Surfaces, has died out. The fops, who took the colour of the current fashions and foibles, have no longer any acknowledged representatives. These and other distinctive shapes of character, which are always to be found in real life with various modifications, have ceased to flourish on the stage in their integrity, and glimpses of them only are to be obtained, surcharged with clownish and farcical excesses, in the hybrid drama of to-day. As for serious emotions, except under the high pressure of melodramatic situations, the theatre knows them not. Sustained intellectual efforts of that nature are simply beyond the compass of an actor in this fast age, let his ambition be what it may. Acting is no longer cultivated as an art. The schools are shut up, and gone to decay. Novelty succeeds novelty with a rapidity that annihilates study. Formerly the lion brought forth at long intervals; now, instead of an occasional, grand, royal birth, we have no end to litters. Who shall say that the reduced condition of the stage has not re-acted upon the public, and produced that distaste for the high drama which is made the excuse for putting it on the most inaccessible shelf in the manager's room? It is perfectly true that Shakspeare does not draw. Sheridan does not draw. But it is no less true that nothing will draw that is badly acted. Instead, therefore, of pretending to revive Shakspeare, for the sake of a little show of pedantry and zeal on one hand, to cover a large amount of vicious taste on the other, do your best to revive Kean and Siddons. Can there exist a shadow of doubt that they would fill your houses to the roof with the very same plays which, under the existing system, would not draw money enough to pay the lighting?

One of our most dexterous and prolific purveyors for the play-houses was jubilant lately, at a Theatrical Festival, over the excellent effects that have flowed from the abolition of the Patent Monopolies, by the diffusion and

equalization of dramatic rights. All the theatres stand, in that respect, on the same level; and the liberated dramatist, like the roving bee, now extracts honey from each. He illustrated the free and open system by the fact that he had himself brought out an equestrian drama at Astley's. But he forgot that he might have done the same thing under the monopoly. There was nothing in the patent to prevent him. Whether under that restrictive régime he could have been tempted to write for Drury-lane or Covent-garden is a different matter; and in this, we imagine, lies the true secret of the rejoicings of the play-wrights. If the restraint is removed, so too is the thing restrained. We well remember that the legitimate drama was the *cheval de bataille* of the abolitionists. Shakspeare could not be played beyond the consecrated confines of Bow-street and Vinegar-yard. Why should not the Victoria play Shakspeare? Why should Houndsditch be denied the immortal bard? Well, the patents were abolished, and where is Shakspeare? Nowhere. He was placed, no doubt, when the race began, but he is nowhere in the running. This is one of the effects of the abolition which our popular author accidentally omitted to mention. There is not a single playhouse in London where that drama is played, for the exclusive representation of which the great theatres held their patents, and were deprived of them. Whether this is a result upon which the play-loving community should be congratulated, we will not pretend to determine; but it is obvious that the play-wrights have much reason to exult over it. The old lumbering Five-Act obstruction is out of their way. They have the stage to themselves. They can run up a highly exciting Domestic Drama, or a Three-Act picture of English life, taken direct from the French original, in less time than it would formerly have occupied merely to rehearse one of those antiquated solemnities. There is nothing in the shape of thoughtful writing or mighty dialogue with which they need fear competition. The abolition has done its work; it has abolished both the patents and the plays they protected. Much reason, therefore, have the play-wrights to exult. Whoever desires to have an accurate sense of the advantages those facile pens have derived from the total rout of a once formidable drama, should take a modern piece, say a Haymarket comedy, which is presumed to be the most skilful of the class, and study it in his closet. Let him examine it side by side with any by-gone play that happens to belong to the same order; let him carefully analyze and compare their structure, characters, and language. When he shall have completed the task, he will fully comprehend the reason why the modern play-wright protests against the obsolete form of Five Acts, and why he rejoices over the rarity of its appearance. The task to which we have invited the curious reader is an arduous one. But if he perseveres he will achieve two ends by it: he will not only discover in what elements the modern Haymarket comedy differs from the condemned comedy of other times, but he will be enabled to measure exactly its literary value. It is all very well to see these pieces, and to laugh heartily at the infinitesimal fun of Mr. Buckstone, and the dry humour of Compton; but you know nothing about the authorship till you have endeavoured to read one of them. We do not say you may not succeed in the attempt, for tastes and capacities differ. All we do say is—try. The consideration of the influence of this species of production upon the Stage, and the character of our dramatic criticism under the existing patchwork régime of plays and actors, must be reserved for another occasion.

THE TYPE-PLANS OF ANIMATED BEINGS AND THE SPECULATIONS OF PHILOSOPHERS.

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

FROM any part of the British shores we can easily collect some few familiar forms of life to illustrate the great groups into which all animated beings seem divided. We have only to tread on to that slippery ledge of rocks before us to gather what we want. Look into that little pool between the huge weed-clad stones, and on the tide-bared surface round. The little pool which you are looking down upon is the portrait of the one before me; and many other rambles, in many another place, are looking down on pools just like our own. Here are conical limpets stuck down upon the rocks; there, some white-crusted barnacles are lapping the water with their feathery curls. In the ooze, and under the mud-covered sea-weeds, crabs and shrimp-like crustaceans scramble awkwardly but rapidly about at your approach, or

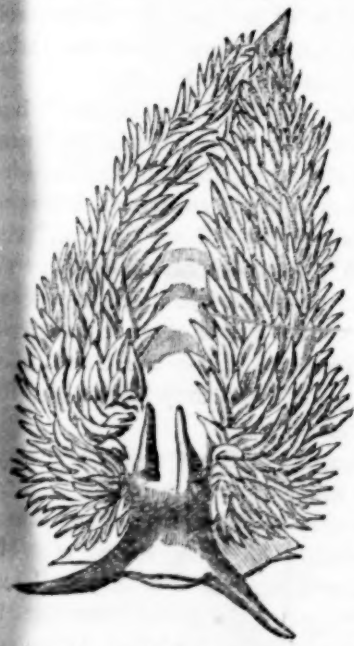


FIG. 1. *Eolis papillosa*.

naturalists call, from their outer envelopes being perforated with holes or pores, *Foraminifera*.



FIG. 2. *Orbulina uniceps*.



FIG. 3. *Nautilus Deccarii*.

We have now, in this small gathering, the types of many animal existences, each apparently based on a very different plan, but equally wonderful in the purpose and design exhibited.

As we must not presume, however, even in this sultry summer-time, that every one is at the "cool sea-side," or that the country hills and dales have no admiring visitors, we will ourselves take a ramble in the "flowery fields," and gather thence some few other objects illustrative of Nature's type-plans. This common worm will do for one, and from the stagnant pool we may gather a dozen things to suit our ends. Put a few bits of those floating twigs into a glass of water, and you will see dozens of tentaculated threads; these are hydræ, and will serve as well as the larger, gaudier "anemones" of the sea. Those translucent shrimps, paddling themselves with feathery, oar-like feet along in intercircling curves are just as good in illustration as our sea-side crabs; the little stickleback or minnow, from the stream close by, will do as well as rock-fish or as any other of the finny tribe. Search now the underside of stones or the floating leaves of the water-lily for short translucent branching threads. Your straining eyes will see nothing more when you lift the stones or lily-leaves,—for the tiny beings that inhabit them are very timid, and shut themselves up in their cells on the least disturbance. There are several kinds of these; but what we are most likely to find are the *Plumatella*, and these are equal to the stouter corallines of the rocky shores.

In the water from the stagnant ditches, under the microscope,—you cannot perceive them without,—some jelly-like little beings may be seen twisting their bodies into fantastic shapes; here indenting them into temporary stomachs; there squeezing out their jelly-like flesh into equally temporary tentacles or feet. These *Amoebæ* are even better examples than the marine *Foraminifera*, as they represent more properly the rudimentary state of their class. We have, then, from land-side and sea-side, familiar illustrations of the type-plans of animal creations,—the globular, the radiate, annulose, soft-bodied, and backboneed, or vertebrate.

We find thus we are brought down to some four or five primitive type-plans, upon one or another of which the individuals of every species, of every group of animals, are organically and primarily constructed, however advanced or restricted may be their actual development and organization,—however high or low may be their position in the scale of life. From the monad to the elephant; in our own land and all over the wide world, every organized living being is framed on one or another of these few plans.

In these days of strange notions and new theories, it behoves every one to look a little into matters for himself. It is not the authors of speculations and novel theories who are called upon to decide the merits of their own ideas; nor is it the ignorant or unread who should approve or condemn them. It is before the world,—essentially, perhaps, before the reading and thinking world,—that these opinions are laid; and it is the world which accepts or rejects the new doctrines,—which reaps the knowledge or advantage, if any, to be derived from them.

Among the present leading topics of high interest is the question of the successional development in age after age of higher and higher organic forms on the principle of "natural selection" which has been opened out by the recently-issued, learned, and interesting book of Mr. Darwin, "On the Origin of Species." We know there are some who think in such matters lay people should not meddle, and that scientific brains alone should reflect upon such subjects. We have just expressed our own opinion on this point, that people should make themselves competent to judge; but like other authors Mr. Darwin has put his book before the world, and already it has found five thousand purchasers. How many more readers and critics?

The consideration of the question requires leisure, thoughtfulness, and actual investigation. It involves, also, an acquaintance with the organic creations of the various and vast geological ages, and with the organic contents of the rock-formations of our great ranges of terrestrial space, for time is an essential element in all changes effected by natural means, and is especially regarded in that light by Mr. Darwin himself, in those he considers to have been slowly brought about in the organic kingdom by the influences of external circumstances, individual wants, necessities, and habits, and the natural tendency to "sportiveness," under the control of that principle which he denominates "natural selection." We can, therefore, neither confine our researches to the historic period, nor avoid the consideration of the gradual migrations and variations of geographical range of those ancient faunas revealed to us in a fossil state, which must have happened in the lapse of the stupendous ages of the past, by reason of the varied alterations of level, and the relative superficial distribution of the ancient lands and seas.

Mr. Darwin himself at one time, in common with the generality of modern naturalists, entertained the opposite theory to the one he is now advocating, a theory so ably supported by the late Professor Edward Forbes, of specific centres of creation of new forms. We see apparently in nature, as well now in our own days as in every stage of the past conditions of our planet, particular species, genera and families of animals confined in their geographical range to certain limited regions; we find certain prolific kinds, as well as certain rare sorts confined to very restricted areas; we find from the organic contents of the rock-formations,—those true historical records of the succession of the past physical events of our globe,—that in time, also, there have been similar restrictions of particular races of animals and plants. Of these, some seem to have been ushered in at a certain period; to have increased, multiplied, and swarmed at another; finally dying slowly and gradually out, to be succeeded by some new race, which in its turn, in like manner, had its reign of greatest development in numbers, and over consider-



FIG. 4. *Plumatella repens*.

able regions of space. Naturalists were thus led to the idea that these races had diverged and multiplied from a *specific centre* of original creation.

It is but right in this place that we should clearly define what is meant by the term or principle "natural selection." Reflecting on the correlation, well known to naturalists, and obvious to the most superficial observer, of the bones and general organization of the Vertebrate class, whether fish, bird, reptile, or mammal, all constructed on modifications of the same plan, all having a vertebral column; in each the limbs presenting modified conditions only of certain primitive structure-plans; as, for instance, the fins of the fish, the wings of the bird or of a bat, the arms of a man; on the like modifications of parts and organs severally in the tribes of shell-fish (*Mollusca*), crabs (*Crustacea*), worms (*Annelida*), or sea-urchins, jelly- and star-fish, and the ancient lily-like or crinoidal animals (*Radiata*), and other forms of the Invertebrate class; and reflecting, also, on the like modifications of type-plans in the vegetable kingdom,—Mr. Darwin has been specially led into the study of the *variations* of animals and plants, both in their state of nature and under domestication, whether as mere "sportive varieties," as they have been termed, or as the more permanent and regular kinds, such as the race-horse, coach-horse, cart-horse, pony, the various sorts of gooseberries, cherries, apples, &c., which have been brought about by skilful breeding or continued culture.

The accumulation of facts upon these subjects has further led Mr. Darwin into the belief that such modifications, whether naturally or artificially brought about, could and would be maintained under the necessary accompanying conditions of climate, nutriment, &c., and that in the free state of nature the "succession" of such variations has accomplished those marked differences we observe in the various species of animals and plants. "Now, as many more individuals of each species are born," Mr. Darwin "argues," than can possibly survive; and as, consequently, there is a frequent recurring struggle for existence, it follows that any being, if it vary, however slightly, in any manner profitable to itself, under the complex and sometimes varying conditions of life, will have a better chance of surviving, and thus be *naturally selected*. From the strong principle of inheritance, any selected variety will tend to propagate its new modified form.

Neither the doctrine of development of species by "natural selection," nor that of "specific centres of creation," is introduced here with any idea of our entering into the details of either of those vast investigations. For twenty years Mr. Darwin has been collecting materials in support of his views, and only the outlines of which are published; and we have not yet before us all the evidences on which he has based his conclusions. It is not likely, therefore, we should attempt more than to explain broadly the chief facts and principles upon which the interesting and important discussion is based. We have not collected so many shells, so many fish, so many plants or sea-weeds, to display as curious objects, but as illustrations of those universal structural *type-plans* of organization which certainly appear, from any evidence yet adduced, to be and to have been persistent. We may regard these type-plans,—indeed, we can scarcely do otherwise, when we look into the minute structure of organized beings,—as susceptible of innumerable modifications and adaptations within their respective limits, but the question becomes highly intricate when we attempt to deduce the modification of one type-plan into another.

The great points of Mr. Darwin's investigations are, whether the differences in the various classes of animals and plants have been derived from long-continued natural variations, as modifications of primitive type-plans, and whether these so-called primitive type-plans themselves may not really have been derived from some older, or anterior and more primitive plan.

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA.

THERE WAS ONCE a gentleman of learning and position, whose name I forget at the present moment, who said, "I never wish to study any other history of England than Shakespear's plays. They present me with clearer pictures of the times and manners they depict; they lay bare more completely the springs of human action; and they are more exact in dates and the sequence of events than most of the ponderous historical volumes I can find in my library."

Allowing for a little love of paradox—a little fancy for appearing singular,—there may probably be some truth at the bottom of these remarks; and, any way, there must be many people existing in the world who never *will* study the history of their country unless it is presented to them in the shape of an amusing drama. If it is necessary that such people should be educated in this particular branch of knowledge, it is fortunate that Shakespear's plays are so popular and so historically reliable; and it is also fortunate that the successors of the great dramatist—the little knot of highly-talented gentlemen who call themselves the "Dramatic Authors' Society," and their more humble, or less famous brethren, who supply the passing dramas for the minor theatres,—are always willing to "illustrate" the times in which we live and move, according to their talents and their opportunities.

As one of the great events of the present year is the "fight for the championship," it is not surprising that the watchful dramatist has seized it for literary material, some years, perhaps, in advance of the regular historian. At the very moment when Thomas Sayers is a leading man—when he has been praised from the pulpit and by the journals, and when he has returned the compliment by praising the journals for their literary genius and descriptive talent,—when he has been *fêted* on board the Queen's ships, and received on the Liverpool Exchange with more honours and enthusiasm than were bestowed upon Lord Gough on his victorious return from India,—when he has been declared the "Mincing-lane Pet," with a retainer of a hundred guineas, and the "Capel-court Slasher," with another retainer of a similar amount,—when he has received more money for "colours," and shares of the railway fighting-train, than ever any professional gladiator received before,—when he has been made the object of a subscription by the House of Lords, another subscription by the House of Commons, many more subscriptions by different clubs and classes in London, in Paris, and throughout the provinces, and a wide extra subscription, amounting to more than four thousand pounds sterling, that is led off by a noble lord who sends a hundred pounds, and closed by a little girl,

under eleven years of age, who sends sixpence,—when all these honours and profits have been heaped upon the head of a single individual, it is not surprising that the historical stage should select him as the hero of many dramas, and seek to embody the leading incidents of his career. This "noble" pugilist, after several weeks of decent diplomatic reserve, has become reconciled to his American opponent, and the two countries seem to breathe again. We are now able to attend to our ordinary political and social business, as the two combatants have retired hand-in-hand to the country, for the profit and pleasure of a "sparring-tour." I have not heard, nor, I believe, has the respectable editor of our leading sporting contemporary, that any offer has been made to Sayers to stand for any town or borough as a member of Parliament. What is Pontefract about on this occasion? It was satisfied with "Mr." Gully, ex-champion and publican for many years, and why not try Sayers? Its name, when translated into English, signifies "broken-bridge," and shows a philological sympathy with pugilism.

The Olympic Theatre was the first to recognize the importance of the great pugilistic event, and to deal with it from a farcical point of view, in the piece called *B. B.* More than one of the minor houses were not slow to follow so high and so successful an example; but it was reserved for the Victoria Theatre, in the New Cut, Lambeth, to present its patrons with a drama, half "domestic," half historical, that may be fairly taken as having exhausted the subject. This drama contains much that is known, with much that was previously unknown; and the following is a fair copy of the play-bill, omitting the perishable part,—the names of the actors:—

THE CHAMPION'S BELT; OR, THE RING AND ITS MORAL.

Sir Harry Headlong	Mr. —	Tableau 4.—The First Meeting!
Tom Sayers	Mr. —	Shake Hands. The American's Colours.
John Heenan	Mr. —	The Toe-biter and Tom.
Old Joe Sayers	Mr. —	The Toe-biter rescued by Shorts.
Augustus Toe-biter	Mr. —	Tableau 5.—The Meeting!
The Nimble Grasshopper	Mr. —	Owen Swift's Parlour.
Harry Brunton	Mr. —	Three Cheers for Tom Sayers! The Belt!
Owen Swift	Mr. —	The Benicia Boy! Hurrah!
Goliath	Mr. —	The Colours of the Champion of England!
Police, Detectives, &c.		Grand Tableau; and End of First Act.
Mary Sayers	Mrs. —	Act II.—The Training.
Mrs. Sayers	Miss —	The Toe-biter up to his Work.
Shorts	Miss —	The Nimble Grasshopper.
Act I.—Exterior of Owen Swift's Tavern.		The Benicia Boy!
Tableau 1.—Previous to the Fight.		Heenan's Lodgings. Yankee Doodle.
Tableau 2.—Floorer No. 1.		The Detective. The Escape!
Tableau 3.—Tom Sayers. Hurrah!		The Fight!!
Street. The Pedestrians.		Tableau.—Over the Ropes.
The Champion's Belt!		The Death-bed of Heenan.
Old Sayers's Lodging!		Grand Tableau.

The drama opens with a representation of a street, from which we learn that "Owen Swift's Tavern" (in Tichborne-street, Haymarket) is a large private house, with a handsome portico, standing in an extensive square. Immediately opposite this mansion is a cobbler's hut, not unlike a blacksmith's forge, in the occupation of "Old Joe Sayers," shoe-mender, and father of the "Champion." Here we have the visible emblems of two opposing principles. The house, or "tavern," is typical of idleness and dissipation; the hut is typical of industry and sobriety. Before the door of the first are a few betting-men and hangers-on of the "Ring," including a wild, gay nobleman in a battered white hat and blucher boots, described in the play-bill as "Sir Harry Headlong;" while before the door of the second are the hard-working, perspiring "Joe Sayers" senior, the frugal and homely "Mrs. Sayers," and the virtuous and interesting "Mary Sayers," their daughter, forming together a beautiful "tableau," or family picture.

We learn, from a rather general conversation, that Sayers senior, while he retains some physical vestiges of muscular development, and the power of giving a blow from the shoulder, is opposed to the ring and all its associations, and that he has commanded his daughter "Mary" to disown all relationship with her brother "Tom," until he is found to walk once more in the paths of industry. We also learn that Sayers junior, otherwise "our noble Tom," otherwise "our glorious champion," has generously offered to maintain his father out of the gains of his pugilistic profession; but it is almost needless to say that the offer has been firmly though respectfully declined. Much striking of a lapstone, and much flourishing of an old boot take place, as pantomimic indications that the independent old cobbler is not yet incapable of earning his livelihood.

It appears, at this period of the Sayers history, that "Mary Sayers" has attracted the attention of the wild, gay nobleman, "Sir Harry Headlong," and though, strictly speaking, not persecuted with his addresses, she is chased by him round the square, or street, before described, and roughly embraced, in broad daylight, on the Queen's highway. It also appears that "John Heenan," the American Champion, who has arrived in England, is under an obligation to a "family bearing the name of Sayers," for some help rendered to him some years ago, in some part of America, and he is not the man to forget those in his prosperity who never forgot him in his adversity. There are also some traces of a tender attachment between him and "Mary Sayers," who only knows him for the present, under the assumed name of "John Carter."

The unseemly conduct of the wild, gay nobleman, in the Queen's highway, gives a happy opportunity to "John Carter," otherwise "John Heenan," of showing that his mouth is not crammed full of empty sentiments, and of introducing himself in a triumphant manner to the family he is in search of. He enters the square, or street, at the very moment when "old Joe Sayers" has been ruthlessly pushed aside, when "Mary Sayers" is being unwillingly embraced by the wild, gay nobleman, and with one blow of his stout American arm, he "doubles up" the feeble aristocratic victim of dissipation. The remarks of "John Carter," otherwise "John Heenan," after performing this feat, are worthy of a place amongst the maxims of school copy-books.

The noble American retires, after promising to visit "old Joe Sayers" and his daughter at their lodgings, and we are introduced, for the first time, to the English "Champion." He comes out of the house, or tavern, cheerful and confident. He observes that he has never yet seen his opponent, and should like to know whether he is going to fight a man or a mountain. His reception by a small but

enthusiastic body of supporters is highly encouraging, and he only wishes that his father was less opposed to his profession. No matter, he will do his utmost; no man can do more. He fights for the honour of old England. A fair ring and no favour; may the best man win, and may that man be Thomas Sayers. Hurrah! Tableau the third. The pugilistic party is grouped on the left side of the stage; the shoe-mending and anti-pugilistic party, in the persons of "old Joe Sayers" and family, is grouped on the right side of the stage. A few chords are given by the orchestra, and the scene closes.

We are next introduced to "a street," which seems, oddly enough, to be in some part of Italy (a mistake, no doubt, of the scene-shifters), and what is technically known as the "underplot" of the drama. This underplot consists of a professional pedestrian, called the "nimble grasshopper," who is supposed to be engaged in some "great match," which causes him to walk across the stage, whenever it represents anything like the open air. He runs against most people, at different times, but particularly against one "Augustus Toe-biter," a comic amateur of pugilism. The duty of all persons engaged in the drama is, to knock down this comic amateur at every opportunity, with the exception of one "Shorts," a comic maid-servant, and her duty is, to marry the comic amateur, and help to protect him. The result of this arrangement is, that all the characters, except "Mary" and "Mrs. Sayers," have a fair chance of showing their skill in the art of boxing.

We will now return to the more serious and historical business of the drama. The scene changes to "old Sayers's lodging," where, true to his word, the American Champion, still disguised as "John Carter," pays his promised visit. Thomas Sayers is also there; and we learn that the first and most interesting meeting of the two opponents took place under the roof of one who was already the father of the English "Champion," and soon to be the father-in-law of the American. The two heroes, the future brothers-in-law, shook hands—still only knowing each other as mutual friends of the family. Powerful situation! Something told them they should meet again.

"Tom Sayers" was the first to take his leave, soon followed by the American Champion. The latter, to the evident disgust of his trainer, constant attendant, and backer, "Harry Brunton," snatched a kiss from the willing "Mary" before departing, and in so doing dropped his handkerchief—his "colours."

"Ha!" exclaims "Mary," as she picks up this blue-and-white object, "what is this? A handkerchief! A name in the corner! John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy! Ha, ha! I see it all! He cannot—he must not fight my brother!"

The action of the drama now becomes more rapid. We are introduced to "Owen Swift's parlour," and to the company of a number of convivial supporters of pugilism. The English Champion enters, and is received with deafening cheers. He looks round the room. He makes a speech. His sentiments do honour to his head and heart. The American Champion enters, and is also received with deafening cheers. The two heroes are now formally introduced to each other. They start. "The friend of my father!" "The brother of my betrothed!" There is no drawing back. The trial is bitter, but it must be unflinchingly borne. Ah! knock for silence, unsuspecting chairman of the tavern table; little do you know the mental agony that is now racking the strong frames of the "gallant Heenan" and the "glorious Tom." The American makes a speech. His sentiments also do honour to his head and heart. A noise is heard outside. The door is thrown open, and in rush "old Joe Sayers" and his daughter "Mary." They come to stop the fight. Too late, alas! too late. It cannot be. The first act immediately closes with a "grand tableau."

The second act opens with a picture of "Tom Sayers" under "training," and we are taught all the mysteries of the "clubs," the "dumb-bells," and "boxing the sack." We are next hurried to "Heenan's lodgings," where "Mary" makes yet one more attempt to dissuade her lover from fighting, but without success. He cannot withdraw from this contest with honour, and he will only promise to remember, during the battle, that "Tom Sayers" is her brother. More than this, in justice to his backers, he dare not do.

In the mean time, "old Joe Sayers" has not been idle, and communicating with certain "detectives," he has led the way to "Heenan's hiding-place," by following the footsteps of his daughter. His plans are defeated; the American is warned, and makes his escape—in strict accordance with history—from the window. The drama now moves more rapidly still, and reminds us, in some respects, of Richard the Third, as tinkered by Colley Cibber. "Heenan" darts across the stage, in front of an open-country picture, followed by the police authorities. "Old Joe Sayers" and his daughter "Mary" next appear, and a scene of much emotion takes place between them. A noise of many voices is heard, and it tells them that the fight has already begun in the neighbourhood. "Mary" shudders when she hears the fearful sound, and is led away gently (to music) by her father.

The next and final scene is "The Ring," where all the historical features of the fight are reproduced with diligent faithfulness. We see the numerous "falls" of the English "Champion," the "blow" that disables his "right arm," the return "blows" that he gives with his "left hand," the "struggle over the ropes," the tearing up of the "ring-poles," and the final "skipping" of the two combatants. A "grand tableau" is certainly formed by the mob round the ring—as mob and tableau, in theatrical language, generally mean the same thing,—but we are at a loss to know what the play-bill means by winding up its list of scenes and incidents with what it calls "The Death-bed of Heenan." It is the only part of the promised drama left unrepresented, or unexplained, and, for the sake of English history and Victoria audiences, we should like some solution of the mystery. The thousands who flock every night to this temple of the drama are, unlike the gentleman before alluded to, who was so satisfied with the historical lessons contained in Shakespeare's plays—they have scarcely any other teacher. That gentleman could read and write, and cast accounts, but, unfortunately, the bulk of a Victoria audience either possess no such accomplishments, or possess them in a very limited degree. It is too bad if the author, the stage-manager, and the printer have combined to impose upon ignorance and good nature.

SLANG, AS A SOCIAL SYMPTOM.

PASCAL somewhere says something to this effect:—"When you meet with a natural style of writing, you are startled and delighted; for you were prepared only to find a book, and unexpectedly stumble on a living man." Nobody ever knew better than Pascal how to perform that rare and difficult feat of writing in a natural style—pure and correct, yet unlaboured; flexible, without being grotesque or gymnastic; a style which never sinks into slipshod squalor, nor swells into the cumbrous pomp of fine writing.

The difficulty of such a style lies in choosing exactly the right words to express your ideas. And the right sort of words are those which most simply present the thoughts they clothe, without attracting attention to the colour or texture of the words themselves. Language is at best an imperfect vehicle of thought, which passes through it as light passes through glass;—the less it discolours or distorts the idea or the landscape, the better is the quality of the phrase and the window-pane. As the best praise of a man's taste in dress is to say that you remember nothing particular about his clothes, but that he looked like a gentleman; so it is the highest commendation of an author's style that you were very much interested in what he said, but that you cannot call to mind any peculiarity in his manner of saying it. All words startling from their unfamiliarity or wearisome from over-frequent recurrence, are alike objectionable. The whole sphere of bad writing revolves between the two poles of staleness and extravagance in diction, if that can, by any stretch of metaphor, be called a sphere whose superficies extends over so vast a tract of contemporary literature and the extremities of whose axis are so little removed from each other. For the grotesque paraphrase which some verbal acrobat tumbles upon to-day in his antic struggles after originality, passes at once from the extravagant to the stale phase of its career the very next time it is used. Really well-made clothes of well-chosen material and colour, never look shabby till they are fairly worn out; and phrases of simple and direct construction, composed of words rich in meaning as the dictionary can furnish, but not gaudily "expressed in fancy," never go out of fashion.

But how are we to find those words and phrases which shall be easy without slovenliness, and idiomatic without vulgarity? It is easy to say they are the forms of speech which highly-educated persons in the best society might use in grave conversation on any topic of importance, whose intelligible discussion implied the use of language according to delicate distinctive shades of meaning. [Tints of meaning would be a better phrase if it had not a dilettante flavour of art affectation.] And the really intelligent part of good society does talk the language by whose adoption or avoidance words and phrases may be best condemned and absolved as apt or inappropriate, over-formal or undignified, for the uses of literature.

Considered in this light as the living standard of the language in which books are to be written for the benefit or disadvantage of the people at large, good society ought to mind the sort of prose it permits itself to talk, perhaps, a little more than it does. Authors, especially novelists, who have to represent conversation in their pages, must take it pretty much as they find it, or their personages would talk like books. The language of literature again reacts on the language of society, too often spurring slang from the sewers into the gilded drawing-rooms, and sprinkling namby-pamby slipslops of pseudo-fashionable life among the purlieus.

It is disagreeable enough to hear young gentlemen talk slang among themselves; but it is much more insufferable when they talk it to women; and the *ne plus ultra* of disgust is reached when the women begin to talk it among themselves.

Not many years ago, the present writer was partaking of tea under a tree in the suburban pleasure of a person of rank, when there descended among the company from one carriage two very lovely creatures. One was a duchess and the other a marchioness. Not obscure local duchesses and marchionesses from the country, but "the cream of cream." I did my best to represent literature admitted into the circles of fashion, and talked my choicest English, in full confidence that an unadorned literary style was the language of good society. When these exalted personages had refreshed themselves with tea, and accomplished a reasonable length of visit, the marchioness suggested to the duchess that "further engagements demanding their presence, must needs precipitate their departure." So, at least, it would be rendered in those tales of high life which it is believed are written by accomplished lady's-maids. But the words addressed to her grace which actually fell from the pretty lips of the marchioness were, "Don't you think, dear, it's about time for us to cut?"

I heard the words distinctly, without any auricular effort. I was no more intimate with these ladies than I am with her Majesty, Queen Victoria; so I suppose there is no breach of implied confidence in my recording this fragment of conversation in high life.

The decencies and amenities of civilized society originally grew from, and still depend on, the presiding influence of women who have been, since the rise of chivalry, arbitresses of our social code. The spirit of purity and the graces of refinement have hitherto advanced among ages and nations in direct proportion to this social ascendancy of women.

Women, endowed by nature with more of that good shame which we call modesty, and troubled with less of that bad shame, which is usually mentioned in French, than men; readier with their wits and tongues; more watchful in observing, and more serious and earnest in administering the small politics of society, are essentially most fitted, and no doubt are by Providence intended, to temper and attune the ritual of assemblies gathered in the name of innocent and decorous amusement under the statute code of courtesy and the common law of tact.

The matrons of England in former times thought it prudent to permit no other language than the mother tongue to be spoken in their presence. They liked to be able to understand with critical precision, what the young men were saying to

their daughters, and what their daughters said to the young men in return. But the tide of Slang seems to have set in with such an Atlantean flood, that the matrons are overpowered, like Mrs. Partington. It is a severe blow to that chivalrous social ascendancy of women. Our young gentlemen are accordingly vulgarizing our young ladies down to the tone of the betting-ring, college wine-party, and saddle-room, instead of our young ladies refining our young gentlemen, and tuning them up to the drawing-room concert-pitch. Civilization will be none the better of this arrangement. The deterioration of language is one of the first signs of a national career having culminated and lapsed into the retrograde. Let the mothers, and wives, and daughters of England look to it, for our civilization has no other guardian angels.

THE WEATHER DURING THE LAST NINE MONTHS—OUR FUTURE PROSPECTS.

BY JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH.

THE habitual use of any instrument frequently causes a forgetfulness of the principles on which it is constructed, and, consequently, only an imperfect knowledge of its operations, and of the indications given by its varying readings. This is the case with respect to several meteorological instruments, and particularly true respecting the barometer—an instrument depending on principles as beautiful as any in the whole range of physical inquiry.

Before we speak upon the late extraordinary weather, it seems desirable to give a brief account of the barometer, and the atmospheric phenomena on which its variations depend.

The first step in such an inquiry is to ascertain the chemical components of that invisible and inodorous fluid by which we are surrounded, and which is imperatively necessary for the existence of both animal and vegetable life, and of which, if man be deprived for two or three minutes, he ceases to exist; but at present we shall speak of the mechanical properties of air only.

Air possesses impenetrability; which implies that no other body can, at the same time, occupy its place: it has inertia; that is, it is possessed of the property that it will not move till it is forced to do so by some active power: it has mobility; that is, a property by virtue of which it will not stop when once put in motion, until it is acted upon by some opposing power: it has compressibility; that is, a certain portion of air, under greater pressure, will occupy less space: and it has weight. To these mechanical properties of air, together with the influence which heat and vapour exercise, nearly all atmospheric phenomena can be traced. Air being compressible, it follows that that which is nearest to the surface of the earth is the most dense, as it has to bear all the superincumbent mass. If we take 100 cubic inches of air from near the surface of the earth, deprived of its carbonic acid and aqueous vapour, it is found to weigh 31 grains, which is about one-eight-hundred-and-fifteenth part of 100 cubic inches of water; and therefore, mass for mass, water is 815 times heavier than air.

The weight of the air is determined by the barometer. A column of air one inch square, and reaching from the earth to the top of the atmosphere, balances a column of mercury of the same area, and 30 inches in length, which volume of mercury weighs 14½ lbs. nearly, and therefore this column of air weighs 14½ lbs. nearly, and the mercury in the tube of a barometer always balances the atmospheric weight or pressure; and in this climate the reading of the barometer varies from 28 to 31 inches, indicating that at times the air is less by 1-20th than at other times.

The variation in the reading of the barometer thus indicates the fluctuation in the atmosphere, and these variations in the preceding nine months have been remarkable: they have been large, unusually frequent, sometimes as low as 28½ inches, and seldom high. From May 22 to June 30, the reading was never so high as 30 inches; the volume of air in the last nine months has been continually varying to large amounts.

In close connection with these changes have been the severe storms. The winter commenced in October, and at once was characterized by low barometer readings, with sudden fluctuations and heavy storms. From the beginning of 1860 the air became more continuously in motion, as shown in the following particulars:—

In January the wind frequently blew with great strength for 20, 30, and 40 hours continuously, and at times with such force against a square foot of surface, that the power necessary to stop its motion was equivalent to a weight of 18 pounds, and during this month the air was in rapid motion for one hour out of three.

In February the wind was mostly N.E., blowing without intermission for 30, 40, 50, and at times 60 hours; and on the 27th the heaviest gale of wind occurred that has been experienced in and around London for twenty years. In this gale pressures of wind to 28 pounds on the square foot took place, and the air was in rapid motion for one hour out of two throughout the month.

In March the air was still more continuously in rapid motion, averaging two hours out of three, and blowing with violence at times for 50 hours together; and for the 100 hours following March 30, the air was in violent motion—a most unusual circumstance. Weather of a similar character, in this respect, continued during April, May, and June, and the air was in rapid motion for one hour out of three till the end of June. Heavy gales of wind have taken place each month, and many fine elms, strong oaks, and a large number of hawthorns have been torn up by the roots, and their places know them no more. The injury to shipping, all round the coast, has almost been unprecedented. Some of the particulars relative to temperature are as follow:—

On October 21st severe cold suddenly set in, and from that time to the end of last week, with the exception of a few days at the beginning of November, from December 24 to January 24, and from May 8 to 26, the temperature has been below the average of the season, and at times has been bitterly cold. The temperature was deficient in every month from November to June, with the

exception of that of January and May, when it was slightly in excess. In April both the days and nights were from three to four degrees too cold. The effect of this want of heat, together with the violent winds, has caused the food of both man and beast to be very scarce.

The fall of rain up to the end of June was 15½ inches, of which 4 inches fell in May, and 5½ inches in June. The average fall of rain for the first six months is 10½ inches; so that the fall of rain this year exceeds the average by 4½ inches. Rain has fallen on 102 days, of which 23 were in June.

The fall of rain in June is very remarkable. From the year 1815 to 1837 the fall once reached 3½ inches; in the year 1838 it slightly exceeded 5 inches; in the year 1848 it was 3½ inches; in 1852, 4½ inches; and the average fall for June, from 1815 to 1859, was less than 2 inches: so that the fall of rain in June was three times greater than the average fall.

In conclusion, we may observe that the early winter was characterized by very low readings of the barometer, and temperature with sudden fluctuations and heavy storms, and that the weather of 1860, up to the end of June, has been remarkable for a long continuance of low temperatures, of great and frequent changes in the pressure of the atmosphere, an almost continuous and very unusual succession of storms and heavy winds, and in June for its unprecedented heavy fall of rain. The weather appears now to be more settled; the circumstance of the barometer having reached 30 inches on June 30, having been below this point from May 22, together with the fact that there is no instance on record of a wet June being followed by a wet July, gives us cause to look forward, with some degree of confidence, to fine weather for the coming farming operations, and which may, in a measure, tend to relieve the general uneasiness caused by this extraordinary season.

THE COMET.

OWING to the very unfavourable weather which prevailed, until the present week, only three observations of position of the new comet have been procured. The following are its places:—

	Greenwich Mean Time.			Right Ascension.			North Declination.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	deg.	min.	sec.
June 29, at 10	30	5	...	7	49	56.9	...	39	20 2
July 1, at 10	22	49	...	8	15	19.1	...	36	39 23

From the observation of June 29, again at the Observatory of Paris on June 22, published in the daily journals, and a third taken at Florence on the 24th, by Dr. Donati, the following first approximation to the elements of the comet's orbit have been calculated by Mr. Hind:—

Perihelion passage, 1860, June 16, at 12h. 50m., Greenwich mean time.

	deg.	min.
Longitude of the perihelion	...	162 29
Ascending node	...	83 58
Inclination to the Ecliptic	...	79 22
Logarithm of perihelion distance, 9.47529		
Heliocentric motion—direct.		



THE COMET.

The Constellations of Ursa Major and Leo Minor.

"It appears from these elements," says Mr. Hind, "that the comet is receding from the sun, but is approaching the earth, which it will continue to do until the middle of the month. It will cross the ecliptic from north to south very near to the orbit of Venus on the 11th instant, the planet being at the time about twenty-one degrees further advanced in longitude.

"There is no similarity between the above elements and those of any other comet at present computed. Though the position, by the Paris observation of June 22, was precisely that which the comet of Charles V. should occupy, if in perihelion on the 26th, the opposite motion of the comet now visible soon indicated that it could not be identical with the one so long expected.

"Dr. Donati considered the nucleus on the 22nd as bright as a star of the first magnitude, and judged the length of the tail to be 15 deg. As the comet

was then 84,000,000 of miles from the earth, and about 33,000,000 from the sun, the true length of the tail would be rather more than 22,000,000 of miles."

Our diagram indicates the place of the comet at noon on July 5, in right ascension 9h. 2m., and north declination 29 deg. 46 min. On the 10th, at the same hour, its right ascension may be about 10h. 5m., and north declination 14 deg. 23m. On the 5th it will be 50,000,000 miles, and on the 10th about 45,000,000 of miles distant from the earth.

A Garland of Lyrics.

IN THE GREENWOOD.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
The longest day of June,
And not a cloud in the bonnie blue sky
To cool the breeze of noon,
Or a sound to startle the turtle-dove,
Cooing her drowsy tune.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, through all the shire,
In the air so blithe and free,—

'Tis merry in cottage, merry in hall,
Merry in croft and lea,—
But merry, merry, merriest yet,
Under the greenwood tree.

Merry!—and yet the pike in the stream
Lurks low in the pools to slay;
And the starling chases the golden moth,
And the finch makes the worm his prey,
And the hawk hath a beak that's red with blood,
As he soars in the light of day.

Merry!—and yet in the gay greenwood,
There lies a lady fair,
With a gash in her throat that her lover hath made,
And the blood-clots in her hair.
Follow him, fiends, that shall rack his heart!
Lie down in his bed—Despair!

Follow him, Darkness! follow him, Light!
Pillow, betray his head!
Grass of the greenwood, stones of the street,
Disclose his guilty tread.
Point at him, Earth! And thou, oh, Heaven!
Bear witness for the dead!

LOVE IS DEAD.

Love is dead; Love is dead:
Where shall we bury him?
Bury him under the deep, deep sea,
Moody and vicious,
Wild and capricious,
Dark and deceitful and cruel as he.
Love is dead; Love is dead:
This be his epitaph—
"Here lies a spirit—far-seeing—yet blind,
Fathomless mystery,
Blood-red in history,
Tyrant, and blessing, and curse of mankind."
Love is dead; Love is dead:
Then must Earth follow him—
Earth and her children all born of his breath.
Man and his glory,
Time and its story,
Suns, stars, and systems, down! down into Death!

THE BONNIE WEE BIRD.

WHEN I was young, and blithe, and free,
A wee bird sat in the hawthorn tree.
Ever at morn its sweet notes rang,
Ever at night it trilled and sang:—
"Love is the ruler of the wise,
Love is the light of earth and skies,
Love is the path to Paradise."
And now that the flush of youth has gone,
Still the bonnie wee bird sings on.
I hear it high in the summer cloud,
I hear it clear when the storm grows loud:—
"The wrong is wrong but for a day;
The wild wind blows the smoke away,
And right is right, for ever and aye."
When nations moan in wild unrest,
By king or kaiser sore opprest,
I hear far off that wee bird's song—
Sad, yet hopeful; sweet, but strong:—
"The sword shall fail them by and by,
The people's hour is drawing nigh!"
Bonnie wee bird, sing high! sing high!

C. M.

Reviews of Books.

MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE.

SINCE the political revolution in France in 1830, another revolution seems to have taken place in the literature of that country,—a revolution which has exercised a fatal influence on the morality of the nation. If, as it has often been said, literature is the expression of society, nobody can deny that French society must be actually in a most deplorable state as to its tendencies.

There are in France two classes of literary works which have more influence than any other on the minds and ideas of the immense majority of the people,—the drama and the romance. Books on philosophy or morals occupy quite a secondary place, and have a far less hold on the ruling tastes and opinions of the day. In other countries plays and novels serve for recreation and amusement, and sometimes for instruction; but in France they alter the course of public opinion, and have an influence on private and social morality, on politics, and even on philosophy.

It is observable that French literature for the last thirty years has, both by its drama and works of fiction, attempted to change the basis of all human knowledge. To philosophy has been given another foundation; to religion, reform; to the laws, a modification; all the social problems have been examined anew; in a word, the French writers have discussed *de omni re scibili et de quibusdam aliis*.

As no people in the world are such constant novel-readers and playgoers as the French, naturally enough the new principles have made rapid progress, and thrown confusion everywhere.

It would be impossible in a limited space to review the innumerable productions which for the last five-and-twenty years have been gradually bringing about this state of things; but we will try, by noticing some of the principal works, to show that materialism and scepticism have been the unfortunate result of all these literary efforts of modern French authors, and that a moral degradation is the infallible consequence.

Without religion no society can exist. Two sorts of writers have attempted to substitute materialism for it. The one, more openly and less cleverly, has only varnished over by a new style the old system of the eighteenth century. M. Th. Gauthier, in "Fortunio" and in "Mademoiselle de Maupin," asserts, with many of his colleagues, that material beauty, riches, and pleasure, are his only god,* and that beauty is the same thing as virtue.† Balzac, Eugène Sue, and others have followed in the same steps, only with more refinement, associating their materialism with a cloudy mysticism. The first, in his "Livre Mystique," takes care to be very explicit,‡ as also in "Séraphita," and many other works.§ Ten other novels by the same author contain the same principles. Eugène Sue, in "Le Juif Errant," describes a woman, not as a creation of his fancy, as novel-writers usually do, but as a representation of a new theory of his own; he defines what woman is to be in the future, and the beautiful and the ugly take the place of the good and the evil. These last words become empty sounds: beauty and ugliness, pleasure and pain, are represented as the only deities to be venerated and adored. George Sand, in "Lélia," and elsewhere, disseminates similar ideas, mixed up with scepticism. "Good and evil," says she, "are one and the same thing,—namely, God." ("L'esprit du mal et l'esprit du bien est un seul et même esprit,—c'est Dieu.") In the perversion of her ideas, justice and injustice, order and disorder, become identical. In "Spiridion" she establishes the theory of a new religion to replace Christianity, a religion of which M. Pierre Leroux is the inventor, and which consists in the belief of what they are pleased to call "the sensation-sentiment—knowledge deity."

Eugène Sue, in "Ahasverus," goes still further. This mystical poem, written in prose, represents, under the form of a legend, the final destiny of the world. The author endeavours, at the conclusion, to prove that the universe is only a dream of the Almighty, who is himself merely a passing shadow, which shall disappear within the folds of the mantle of eternity at the appointed time, and return to nothingness. All these impieties would perhaps be harmless if one could only see in them the result of an over-exalted and excited imagination; but the authors are convinced that they are in the right path, and use all their logical powers, clothed in brilliant language, to impress the minds of their readers with the truth of their absurd theories.

These irreligious ideas have naturally produced practical consequences, and life, losing its great object, its divine explanation, and its moral aim, suicide is proclaimed as the remedy for all evil. Alexandre Dumas, in "Anthony;" George Sand, in "Jacques" and in "Indiana;" Auguste Suchet, in "Frère et Sœur;" and a phalanx of other writers, represent suicide not only as an action to be approved, as distinguishing man from the brute creation,|| but they applaud it as a religious resolution.¶ When the cleverest and most popular authors propagate such principles, it is not to be wondered at that the official statistical reports in France show that the annual amount of suicides, which numbered 1,739 in 1826-30, increased to 3,446 in 1846-50, and reached to 3,674 in 1852!

If literature has a deep influence on private and public morality by the principles which the writers instil into the minds of their readers, this influence extends even more widely through its dramatic representations, in a country like France, where the theatre is so incessantly frequented by the workmen and lower orders of society. Everything on the stage leaves an impression so much the more vivid, that it comes to us, not in the shape of reasoning and philosophical theory, but in action; real facts are brought before our eyes. Among the innumerable plays acted during the last ten years, there are very few in which the principles of common morality are not perverted. Confusion between virtue and vice, the grandeur of evil passions,

* In his preface he says:—"Fortunio est une hymne à la beauté, à la richesse, au bonheur—les trois seules divinités que nous reconnaissons."

† "Je pense que la correction de la forme est la vertu."

‡ "Ici bas tout est le produit d'une substance éthérée, base commune de plusieurs phénomènes connus sous les noms impropres d'électricité, chaleur, lumière, fluides galvanique, magnétique, &c. La volonté n'est rien que cette substance transformée, ce fluide, concentré par le cerveau de l'animal. La pensée n'est pareillement que le produit de ces modifications. La pensée est une puissance toute physique."—Louis Lambert.

§ "L'invisible univers moral et le visible univers physique, constituent une seule et même matière."—Séraphita.

|| "La principale supériorité de l'homme sur le brute c'est de comprendre le remède à tous ses maux. Ce remède c'est le suicide."—Indiana.

¶ "Détermination qu'il faut prendre dans un sentiment de pitié, calme et réfléchi, avec le recueillement d'un Catholique devant les sacrements de son Eglise."

the absurdity of religion, the utter injustice of all laws,—these are the sentiments which form the groundwork of the piece, mixed up with the most odious pictures of society. The French writers we speak of do not produce these pictures as mere literary themes, the result of their imaginative powers, but they are intended to serve their political passions, and to promulgate socialistic principles. Their pen is an instrument with which they wage war against society at large. In the dramas of Victor Hugo, in twenty of the novels of Balzac, in those of Frédéric Soulié, of Eugène Sue, and others, the prevailing theory is, that all the upper classes are unjust, oppressive, and cruel; and that among the lower orders, on the contrary, elevation of mind, generosity, and superiority of intelligence are alone to be found. The public functionaries are always represented as devoid of honour or conscience, as intriguers, and hard-hearted.

Having in this manner overthrown all established tenets and recognized authorities, and tried to prove that the actual order of things is unsound and defective, the logical inference must be that such a system can only be set to rights by brute force, and, therefore, in many passages, an undisguised appeal to arms is made, and insurrection urged as a duty. Just as in the first revolution in France,* but then a long and tyrannical oppression of the lower classes could, perhaps, to a certain extent, justify a sudden outbreak; while in our day it is in cool blood that all principles are overthrown by writers who have nothing to complain of but too great indulgence for their excesses.

The virtuous M. de Lamartine himself, who, not satisfied with his poetical renown, pretends to the rank of historian, often strangely confuses the notion of right and wrong. In his history, for instance, of Queen Mary Stuart, he admits all the worst charges made against her, and, nevertheless, excuses her on the plea of beauty and fascination. Can anything be more illogical and unpardonable than to trifle thus with grave historical questions?

"L'Histoire des Girondins" is full of similar reasoning. We impute the greater blame to M. de Lamartine, inasmuch as he foresaw the results of his voluntary misrepresentations; for when he perceived from his windows the armed bands sweeping through the streets of Paris, in the Revolution of 1848, he exclaimed,—“There goes my history of the Girondins.”

De Lamennais, in his “Paroles d'un Croyant” (of which ten editions were sold in a short time), did not blush to make use of the language of the Gospel, to excite the minds of his readers to the destruction of all laws, social and moral. This book, brilliantly and powerfully written, caused, perhaps, a greater sensation on the public than any work that had appeared for five-and-twenty years. Every reader, in perusing it, must be struck with the conviction that a crisis is at hand, and that a nation who proclaims such principles openly, and with the applause of the multitude, must have reached the verge of its moral ruin.†

The stage soon after became the active medium by which these furious attacks upon society and the laws were familiarized and encouraged. A drama called “Le Brigand et le Philosophe,” openly professed that theft was a duty —“que faire dans une société qui vous vole parce que vous êtes pauvre. Il faut voler afin d'être riche. Depuis long temps crime et vertu ne sont que des mots.” Balzac over and over again inculcates the same doctrines. “L'honnêteté ne sert à rien; la corruption est une force, aussi l'honnête homme est-il l'ennemi commun.” Those who have the moral courage to do so, may read, “Les deux Serruriers,” “Le Chiffonier de Paris,” by Felix Pyat, and many other works, wherein they will find the same principles upheld. Do not let the reader imagine that our quotations are isolated passages, picked out here and there to serve our purpose: entire pages in the same works are written in a similar strain, and whole volumes might be easily extracted from the literature of France during the last five-and-twenty years, the contents of which would be thought unfit even for the inmates of Newgate.

This incuria publici flagitii, as Tacitus says, produced its fruits. The Romans became hardened and corrupted by the sanguinary spectacle of the circus; the French became demoralized by their ignoble plays, novels and other works portraying nothing but vice and crime. The fetid breath of impiety and materialism has withered their hearts, and the standard of private and public morality, is lowered in consequence. The nation has in vain changed its government, as a sick man changes his doctor—it makes no progress towards recovery. The love of liberty has been replaced by the love of equality in its worst form, namely, envy,—and what is there left then for a people but despotism? which to a certain extent becomes a boon, social dissolution being the only other alternative.

Should our readers be disposed to think that we have in any degree exaggerated the influence of the works we have passed in review, on the social condition at large, let us remind them of one single fact, which being official, will prove how deeply struck are the roots of this evil. In the reign of Louis Philippe, whenever one of the plays of which we have spoken was acted, or whenever a popular novel was published, containing the usual declamations against social order, or open provocation against its laws, the director of the police was enjoined to double the number of his men for the surveillance of those parts of the town inhabited by the working classes, always ready to bring into play the evil passions aroused within them by such publications. The Baron Baude, who for some time filled the difficult post of *Préfet de Police*, under the reign of Louis Philippe, asserted, that in consequence of this state of things, he directed that notes should be kept in order to observe from day to day the several literary and political publications more or less dangerous to society, and to attest their influence on public opinion. By this means could be seen the relation between the progressive perversion of ideas, and the disturbances which, under one pretext or another, broke out among certain classes of the population.

* “Dans cette lutte du pauvre contre le riche, de l'intelligence contre la possession, songez-y, tu es le tenant d'armes du peuple!” — *Riche et Pauvre*, tome ii. p. 380.

† “Faut-il que nous nous dévorions les uns les autres! opprimés par les riches, relégués par l'imbécille orgueil des nobles dans une condition abjecte. Ne sommes-nous pas assez outragés?” — *Sand*, “Le Compagnon du Tour de France,” tome i. p. 165.

“Le jour où nous sommes nés, vous riche et moi pauvre, nous étions ennemis.” — *Emile Souvestre*, “*Riche et Pauvre*.”

It would be easy to give a hundred quotations, even more exciting to the popular feeling than these.

† “C'est le péché qui a fait les princes. C'est pourquoi les rois et les princes et tous ceux que le monde appelle grands, ont été maudits.”

“Il n'y a que de mauvaises lois dans le monde.”

“Qu'est-ce que ces meutes qui tournent sans cesse, et que broient-elles? Fils d'Adam, ces meutes sont les lois de ceux qui vous gouvernent, et ce qu'elles broient, c'est vous.”

“Il n'y a qu'un remède aux maux du peuple,” adds Eugène Sue, with a cynical mockery in his “*Mystères du Peuple*,” “c'est cette bonne petite mère—l'insurrection.”

Had we been so fortunate as to procure a sight of this curious document, it would, doubtless, have afforded a still stronger proof of the correctness of our conclusion, that despotism is the necessary consequence of the moral degradation of a people, and it is greatly to be desired that our neighbours on the other side of the Channel should lay to heart the principle expressed by one of the greatest living authors (Carlyle), viz. “that the writers of all books, poems, plays, pamphlets, and newspapers, are the real working effective power for good or for evil, of a modern country.” For the noble sentiments which a gifted soul clothes in melodious words, and the noble deeds of feelings, darings, and endurance of a brother man, when brought home to us, do they not touch our hearts as with “a live coal from the altar,” and lead us to worship the good and the true, in contradistinction to the meretricious and the sentimental?

“Literature,” says Fichte, “should be a continuous revelation of the god-like, in the terrestrial and common.”

What is it, alas! in France?

DRAMATIC RECORDS.*

Few departments of our literature have been so inadequately chronicled as that which relates to the stage. Many causes have concurred in consigning it to neglect: its temporary nature, the fugitive character of the ordeal through which it first passes into publicity, and the difficulty of afterwards sustaining in the closet the interest of productions which were intended to be presented with the animating adjuncts of scenery and action. If plays drop into oblivion for lack of the living principle with which they are endowed in the representation, we cannot be surprised that the still less substantial outlines of stage history should fall into obscurity also. We have, indeed, an account, if it may be so called, of the English theatre from the very commencement in Queen Elizabeth's time, in ten volumes, compiled with wonderful industry (and quite as wonderful incapacity of every other kind), by honest Mr. Genest, of Bath; and, probably, a more curious monument of trivial research and elaborate and tasteless accumulation of raw materials is not to be found in any other language. But it is indispensable to us, because it is the only comprehensive panorama we have of the progress of the stage and its literature. Other writers have illustrated particular periods, and some particular theatres; but Mr. Genest takes in the whole circle, availing himself largely, and loosely, and with as small an outlay of critical sagacity as he can, of the labours of his predecessors. His volumes, consequently, have the advantage in the way of copiousness over all others; and, although it will always be necessary to refer for special information to such writers as Victor, Hitchcock, Davies, and Cibber, and even to some of the hectic autobiographies not often admitted into libraries, Genest, for want of a better, must continue to occupy a corner on our shelves, until he shall have been displaced by some writer equally zealous and more efficient. Mr. Collier's “Annals of the Stage” come down only to the Restoration, when a new dramatic period opened, and a new form of comedy came into existence; but even were Mr. Collier's work more extensive, it could not be recommended as an authority.

The first contributions that were made to the history of the English stage appeared in the shape of booksellers' catalogues. Prefixed to Goffe's “Careless Shepherdess,” was printed, in 1656, a list of such plays as were then to be had on sale; and after this list followed others, till, little by little, we come to Langbaine's “Account of the English Dramatic Poets,” published in 1691, the slight foundation upon which all subsequent superstructures of dramatic biography and record have been raised. Gibson, Jacob, Whincot, and Egerton, followed at intervals, enlarging upon Langbaine's scanty particulars, and adding fresh matter. The Dictionaries, Remembrancers, and Registers, which succeeded, showed at least that some interest was felt in the subject; but it was not until the appearance of the “Biographia Dramatica,” by Mr. David Erskine Baker, in 1764, that the “Catalogue Raisonné” began to assume the dimensions of a critical and historical dictionary. In 1782 Mr. Isaac Reed continued that work down to his own time; and Mr. Stephen Jones published a still more complete edition, in three volumes, in 1812, bringing the information under every head down to the preceding November.

Works of this kind can never, in the nature of things, be as complete or satisfactory as we could desire them to be. Omissions are unavoidable. It is hardly possible, by any amount of inquiry, to obtain full intelligence in all cases. In some directions, facts and criticisms must be taken at secondhand. The originals are inaccessible, and descriptions of them must be accepted on any authority that can be found. Then, to say nothing about the mistakes and oversights incidental to all books composed of a vast number of small items, there remains that large section of the labour which consists in a critical account of the plays enumerated, and which it is impossible to protect against the admission of errors, both of statement and opinion. None of the authors or compilers of the “Biographia Dramatica” are exempt from censure as dramatic critics. Upon the whole they are undoubtedly entitled to praise for the pains with which they collected their materials, and the diligence with which they investigated them; but their judgments are often marked by a degree of carelessness, to say the least, that greatly mars the intrinsic value of the publication. It is no doubt a very difficult thing to relate clearly the story of a play in a short space, or even to seize distinctly the central idea, as may be inferred from the terrible hash good Mr. Genest makes of the plots he attempts to unravel. The editors of the “Biographia Dramatica” do not appear to have considered the development of plots a part of their undertaking, and whenever they descend into such particulars, they certainly deal more rationally with them than Mr. Genest did; but their labours in this respect were, nevertheless, not well performed, and the information of that kind which they impart constitutes a very inferior portion of their claim upon the acknowledgments of their readers. The real merit of the “Biographia Dramatica” lies in the quantity of its details. It is the most ample catalogue, lighted up with illustrative details, we possess of the literature of the English stage.

Mr. Halliwell's volume is avowedly grounded on the “Biographia Dramatica,” and, as far as it goes, improves upon its predecessor in the wealth

* “A Dictionary of English Plays, existing either in Print or in Manuscript, from the Earliest Times to the Close of the Seventeenth Century; including also Notices of Latin Plays written by English Authors during the same Period.” London: J. R. Smith. 1860.

of its resources. Dropping out all the plays that belong to dates subsequent to the close of the seventeenth century, he is enabled to preserve a certain character of unity in his work, which is unattainable in a miscellaneous catalogue of early and recent plays. The close of the seventeenth century marked a sufficiently distinctive period in the history of the stage to suggest a boundary at which the compiler of such a collection might appropriately pause. Dryden and Shadwell, the last of the Restoration dramatists, and the laureates of the contending factions, were both gone, one before the century had quite expired, and the other immediately after. Congreve, although he did not die till nearly thirty years later, had brought out all his great comedies before the close of the century. A new style of stage entertainments was setting in; and the only writer who carried into the eighteenth century the spirit and gaiety of the Stuart comedies, produced all his pieces, with a single exception, before the close of 1704. The year 1700 may, therefore, be accepted as a landmark, where the gatherer and noter of old plays can advantageously stop, content with having successfully tracked our dramatic history from its beginning down to the latest moment from whence its decline may be dated. Mr. Halliwell's volume is, in this point of view, both curious and useful. It contains a list of all the plays that were written in the best days of the drama, and is unencumbered with any of those that have been written since.

He adopts all the articles of his predecessors that come within his design, but it is by the addition of new articles, especially of Latin plays, and of pieces of which the former editors had no knowledge, and in many instances could have had none, that Mr. Halliwell has chiefly enriched the work. Sometimes he corrects their errors of statement, as, for example, in the case of Sir Cornelius Formado's tragedy of the "Governor." "This play," says the presiding editor, "was among those destroyed by Mr. Warburton's cook." "This play," says Mr. Halliwell, "was supposed to have been one of those destroyed by Warburton's cook, but a manuscript of it, dated 1656, is still preserved, and is now in the British Museum, MS. Addit., 10419." In other instances, he checks their hasty conclusions, as in the case of the old play of the "Disguises." "It is probable," says the "Biographia Dramatica," "that Stroude's play of 'All Plot' was taken from this." "It is possible," says Mr. Halliwell, still following out the suggestion. Even the discretion which Mr. Halliwell exercises in such conjectures does not reconcile us to the employment of them. Guessing is no part of the business of an editor. Nothing should be taken for granted, and nothing should be assumed from the mere outside of things, or verbal resemblances. The fact that one play bears very nearly the same name as another, or that its plot is almost identical, does not, without further evidence, justify the supposition that the later piece was founded on the earlier. As an illustration, take the ancient play of "Dioclesian," of which nothing more is known than that a play of that title was produced at the Rose Theatre in 1594. "It was, possibly," observes Mr. Halliwell, "the foundation of the play on the same

subject by Beaumont and Fletcher. Now the danger of this suggestion, hazarded upon a lost play, is, that some future editor will drop out Mr. Halliwell's cautious "possibly," and transmit the suspicion as an ascertained fact to posterity. But why hazard such a suggestion at all? The subject is historical, and is open alike to all dramatists. Nor is there any reason for supposing that this one play was borrowed from the other. Langbaine makes no reference to the older play, and there is nothing that we know of in common between them but the name.

INCREASE OF INSANITY.*

CIVILIZATION, or something that is called by that name for want of a better, is rapidly advancing, and insanity is on the increase: can there be any connection between the two facts? Horace—regarding Rome in the very height of its glory, when arts most flourished, when the state was most prosperous, and the empire most wealthy—detected a dark vein of insanity running through the Commonwealth:—

"Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
Ambitione malâ, aut argenti pallet amore;
Quisquis luxuria, tristive superstitione,
Aut alio mentis morbo calet. Huc propius me,
Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite."†

The lines of Horace seem to be as applicable to us—the foremost people on the globe—as they were to the Romans. It is the boast of the age in which we live that the efforts of human industry during the last fifty years have outstripped in ingenuity of invention and in importance those of any half-century in the history of the world. Future generations will, in all probability, admit the justice of our self-congratulation; for it would be impossible to take even the most cursory view of the progress of science and art without appreciating the vast strides that have been made within the period indicated. We have had the galvanic current applied to the purposes of daily intercourse so effectively that no event of political or commercial importance can occur in any capital of Europe without its being known, within a few hours, from Stockholm to Lisbon and Constantinople. The progress of engineering stands recorded in the Britannia and Victoria Bridges, and the world has wondered at its last effort in the construction of the Great Eastern. Labourers in the field of chemistry have been rewarded with prodigious success,—the organic division of the science may almost be said to have come into existence within the century, and so rapid has been its development that at times the explorer seems to stand upon the very verge of final causes. The various branches of natural philosophy have shared the same rapid onward movement. Arts and manufactures have not lagged in the race of progress; every day ushers new inventions into life, and—alas! for our civilisation—the art of war has in an especial manner crowned its votaries with success in the extent and precision of destruction at which their inventions aimed. And do we not all know that our commercial operations are conducted upon a scale and with a boldness of which our predecessors never entertained a conception,—their happy ignorance or caution, however, saving them from the periodical throes of a commercial crisis. But the proudest laurels of the age have perhaps been won in the cause of education. The

labouring classes have had the opportunities of self-improvement afforded them, and how successfully they have availed themselves of the privilege is daily forced upon the attention of those who care to study the subject. A market sadly overstocked with candidates who as clerks seek to earn their livelihood at the desk, the introduction of middle-class and competitive examinations, and still more the severer competition of life itself, have given a powerful impetus to mental culture amongst the middle classes. The overcrowded state of the learned professions, and the resulting severity of the competition amongst their members, have operated strongly, though indirectly, to raise the standard of education.

It is unnecessary to pursue farther the retrospect, nor is it desirable to add to the self-laudation of the age. There are other facts intimately connected with the same period which, if they are not so pleasant to contemplate, do not the less demand serious reflection.

Of these facts one of the most undoubted is the lamentable increase in the prevalence of insanity at the present time. The advance of science, the progress of civilization, the extension of education have been great, but insanity, in its various forms, has advanced *pari passu* with these triumphs of our day. We are forced to the conclusion that there is a connection between advanced civilization and the increased prevalence of mental disease. Upon no other supposition can we explain the fearful amount of insanity in our large cities, and its steadily increasing ratio as we ascend from the least to the most cultivated class of those who subsist by the labour of their brains. Such a state of things is not encouraging.

What are the circumstances mainly productive of insanity, and at the same time prognostic of its increase? The causes which so operate appear, unfortunately, to be the very triumphs that we regard so complacently as the boast of the century; but in an especial manner they are the extension of education and that competition of the day which may be designated as "the struggle of life." Nowhere is life so "fast" as in America,—nowhere is insanity so common, or manifested at so early an age. In England the number of persons in the various professions is so incommensurate with the demand for their labours that the severest competition results. Fearful of being outstripped in the race, men systematically and continuously overtax their mental powers, and, when they flag from want of repose, too often spur them on by artificial stimulus. Little physical exertion, constant mental strain, excessive brain-work by day, stimulants which exhaust nature's small reserve of power, while they appear to create new energy,—nights, how often disturbed by anxieties for the morrow, and all this for a series of years! What must be the last chapter of such a feverish existence? Unfortunately, too, the competition of life does not begin when the professional man enters the arena fairly to earn his livelihood: it operates at college, it is felt at school, and anxious parents whisper the first promptings of emulation as they strap the child's satchel on his back. The boy of eight or nine is too often urged on to study, while little heed is taken of his physical development. What was

education at the preparatory school becomes hard mental labour in his teens, feverish work at college, fierce mental competition in his profession, until at last the prematurely overwrought brain loses its coordinating balance, and madness or softening of the brain and dementia close a short and often a promising career. And, to descend a step lower than the learned and literary professions, amongst the class designated as "clerks," what continuous and anxious mental labour is often required; and, apart from the onerous duties which they have to discharge, how many there are of their number who, from the competition of the age, are unable, though willing, to find employment. When in a situation, uncertainty of tenure; when out of work, uncertainty of bread,—no wonder they furnish their quota to the lunatic asylums. In England we are happily free from one great source of mental disease—violent political excitement,—and it is unnecessary to allude to such endemic causes of madness as religious excitement, evidenced, however, of late in the revival movement in the north of Ireland. A deeply interesting class of predisposing causes to insanity presents itself for consideration in our social state with regard to marriage and other cognate subjects, but the discussion of these could not be undertaken within the limits of this article.

We have already alluded to the commercial operations of the present day, and on this subject it must be remarked, that whether it arises from the anxiety and tension of mind inseparable from the uncertainty of speculation or from the nervous consciousness of overtrading and daily impending embarrassment, it is an unquestionable fact that the commercial world furnishes an astounding number of lunatics to our asylums, and most medical men in London practice have had professional experience of the frequency of premature softening of the brain amongst the same classes. Absolute mental alienation, frequent as its manifestations have become, although the most evident, is not the only imperious result of excessive intellectual labour and the daily anxieties of life. There is a degree of mental disturbance short of well-marked insanity, but often its precursor, which is unhappily much more common than would be suspected by those who have not had their attention particularly directed to this subject. There are few physicians who devote their attention to psychological disease, who are not almost daily consulted respecting symptoms of premature mental decay, loss of memory, fancies and illusions of the most distressing and even hideous character amongst the educated classes of the community, and which long experience has taught them to recognize as the frequent heralds of advancing insanity. We might almost venture to say that a large majority of the brain-working classes have at times experienced mental symptoms of a character which their own judgment recognizes as so nearly allied to the diseased class of psychological actions that they have for a short time occasioned suspicions of the gravest nature in their own minds.

Is there any remedy for this prevalence and increase of mental diseases? The question is full of difficulty. It would be hopeless to attempt to answer it shortly and satisfactorily, but its suggestion will at least attract attention to the subject, and perhaps induce people to pause and consider whether they are not living too recklessly. Its mere discussion may induce our brain-working classes to labour less continuously than they now do, and to give their minds that reasonable amount of repose which is essential to a healthy discharge of their functions. It has been our purpose throughout less to dogmatize on a subject so difficult, than to remind the reader of facts which, in the hurry of life, rarely attract his attention; and after having suggested their existence, to leave him to make his own reflections. Great as is the capacity of the human mind, it can be taxed beyond healthy limits:

* Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Disorders of the Mind, &c. By Forbes Winslow, M.D. London: John Churchill.

† "Be warned, you victims to an ill-regulated ambition, you money-grubbers, you pleasure-seekers, you sad bigots, and you who allow your souls to be filled with an all-engrossing passion. You are mad!—mad!—all downright mad! Come, listen to me, and I shall convince you of your insanity."

and this observation, applicable to the individual, holds equally good when applied to a generation. Does not society *en masse* lose more than it gains by that feverish and railway speed of life of our day? The age has much to boast of, but it is possible for even an age to attempt too much. *Festina lente* is the moral of our theme—a moral which requires iteration in this “go-ahead” nineteenth century.

These reflections have been suggested by the perusal of Dr. Winslow's latest production, a valuable work upon obscure diseases of the brain and mind. Dr. Winslow has been long and honourably known to the medical profession and the public as one of the most earnest and enlightened labourers in the difficult field of psychological medicine. The work before us is worthy of Dr. Winslow's high reputation. We need hardly say that it is a volume intended for the professional reader, and in respect to mental diseases, and more particularly their premonitory symptoms, it is a valuable contribution to medical literature. Dr. Winslow earnestly impresses upon the profession the importance of recognizing and treating the early symptoms of brain disease, of which he gives a masterly outline for their guidance. To the professional reader his description of what he very happily names “the choreic phase of insanity,” will be deeply interesting, and his hypothesis of molecular alteration in the nerve corpuscles, as influencing aberration of intellect, will be found of interest. We are glad to notice that the book is, to some extent, prefatory of a more extended work upon psychological disease, and we cordially commend the present volume to the attention of the profession.

AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.*

ENGLISHMEN are best acquainted with two epochs in the history of the United States—with that age when the great men of the war of independence shaped the destinies of the infant Republic, and with that period in which we now live, when newspapers and extended intercourse between the two sides of the Atlantic have made every state of the Union as familiar to us as an English county. We do not, however, connect the two pictures. We cannot explain how the one society grew out of the other. In the first period the canvas is filled by the majestic figures of Washington, Franklin, Adams, and Jefferson, around whose names there has already gathered that historical halo which has hitherto belonged almost exclusively to the heroes and legislators of a remote antiquity. The sagacity, the unimpassioned wisdom, the spotless integrity, and the lofty patriotism of these men, gave their impress to the policy and legislation of the Republic during the earlier years of its existence. In all classes, at that time, we could trace the same desire to found a stable government, by the repression of riot and revolutionary excess, and the same readiness to sacrifice personal interests to the good of the commonwealth. With a vast and rich territory, with such leaders and such a society, it was concluded that the Union had entered on a boundless and unclouded career of prosperity. We were startled, then, when we again became closely con-

nected with American politics, to find that the old picture was gone, and that a mere caricature had usurped its place. Power had been wrested from the hands of honourable and patriotic men, and handed over to the leaders of factions,—and intriguing and unscrupulous place-hunters engaged in endless plots and counterplots for purposes of selfish aggrandisement. It was difficult to explain how this change had been effected. It was difficult for a foreigner to trace the various phases by which the Federalists and Republicans of earlier days had been metamorphosed into Whigs and Democrats; to follow the various steps by which the sons of the Virginian cavaliers had begun to regard the offspring of the Puritans of Massachusetts with a deeper scorn than had been known to their fathers,—and how, above all, it had come about that the small minority of the slave states monopolized the talent and eloquence of Congress, and, in defiance of public opinion in the rich, the populous and the cultivated north, could control every act of the Legislature. We find all these questions fully discussed in this work, which records the career of a great statesman, who by his first political writings attracted the notice and guided the foreign policy of Washington, and who, devoting his powerful and highly-cultivated mind to public affairs, never ceased, down to our own times, to exercise a powerful influence in American politics and legislation. It shows us how the complicated network and tangle of modern parties and factions has been produced from elements which existed in the earliest days of the federation; when slavery, on the eve of extinction, seemed a subject so unimportant as not to attract the notice of the framers of the constitution. How could they anticipate the influence of the steam-engine, and the consequent growth of the English cotton trade? It traces all the evils from which America suffers to the curse of slavery. It maintains that its abolition will restore the political system of the United States to healthy existence; and it proves that those so-called phenomena of social decay ascribed by European publicists to republican institutions are totally unconnected with these causes, but have sprung from the same gangrene which has corrupted and undermined the civil and political life of the State. The author of this work, who himself is the last representative of the old school of American statesmen, was better able than any living politician to record the life and opinions of his old friend and fellow-labourer. He has, we think, been pre-eminently successful in producing a book calculated to reassure and enlighten his countrymen, and he has done so not by commenting on the facts he records, but by extracting from the voluminous writings of Adams himself those passages which best exhibit the consistency and soundness of his political creed, and by making him “the expositor of his own motives, principles, and character, without fear or favour, in the spirit neither of criticism nor eulogy.”

John Quincy Adams was born at Braintree, in Massachusetts, on the 11th July, 1767. Standing with his mother on the top of Penn's Hill, near his father's house, he heard the cannon of Bunker's Hill, and saw the smoke of burning Charlestown. He was present when the declaration of independence was read at the Old State House of Boston. From his earliest years he was thrown into the closest contact with his father, the sagacious and thoughtful John Adams who had tempered the democratic republicanism of Jefferson. In 1779 John Quincy Adams accompanied his father and Franklin to Paris, whither they went as plenipotentiaries. Next year his father removed to Holland as American Ambassador, and there the subject of this memoir went to school at Leyden. When the elder Adams was appointed ambassador

to England, his son, then eighteen years of age, and still in Europe, felt strongly tempted to join him; but a strong feeling of duty induced him to abandon the pleasures and distinctions of diplomatic service for the obscure and dull life of a country lawyer. He returned to the United States, and after studying law, was admitted to the Bar. He opened an office in Boston. The ranks of the profession were crowded. “My father,” he says, “was then in a situation of great responsibility and notoriety in the Government of the United States. But he had been long absent from his country, and still continued absent from that part of it to which he belonged. I went, therefore, as a volunteer and adventurer to Boston.” While waiting for employment he made his *début* in political life. Thomas Paine had just published his “Rights of Man,” and a reprint of it was announced, with a letter of recommendation by Jefferson. Nurtured in his father's political school, young Adams entered the lists. He denied that “whatever a whole nation chooses to do it has a right to do.” In opposition to this doctrine, he held that “nations, no less than individuals, are subject to the eternal and immutable laws of justice and morality.” The doctrine of Paine, he said, annihilated the security of every man for his inalienable rights. It would lead to a hideous despotism under the mask of democracy. In 1793 he published a series of articles on the foreign policy of the United States, which attracted the attention of Washington and his Cabinet. He was induced, reluctantly, to quit the sphere of private life, to return to Europe as minister to the Hague. After a brilliant diplomatic career of eight years in Europe, he was obliged again to return to the work of a lawyer at the Massachusetts Bar, with old studies to revise, and new statutes and decisions to read up. He was poor, he had a large family to support, and he felt he had made a sacrifice in devoting himself to the public service. Mr. Adams had, throughout his whole life, bestowed his leisure on the enthusiastic study of science, and more particularly of astronomy. He was not only acquainted with English and classical literature, but he had, while resident in Europe, studied the great authors of Italy, France, Germany, and Holland; and all his productions show with what profit he had done so, and how constantly present to his mind were all those great examples of heroism and self-sacrifice, embalmed in literature, which tend to exalt and ennoble the human character. In 1805 his literary acquirements secured for him the chair of rhetoric and oratory at Harvard College. In 1817 he was appointed Secretary of State—in popular opinion a proximate step to the presidential chair. No sooner had he assumed this position, than all the old calumnies launched against his father were revived. He was represented by the press as “an enemy to the rights of man,”—“a royalist,”—“a friend of oligarchy,”—“a person quite unfit to be the minister of a free and virtuous people.” At this time the great question whether Missouri should be admitted as a slave state rendered the political atmosphere dark and stormy. Slavery had become already the great question of American politics, and the Missouri Compromise passed into law.

By a succession of happy accidents Mr. Adams was, in 1825, elected president. The torrent of calumny and abuse which then poured down upon

him is incredible. At the end of four years he was supplanted by President Jackson, who was returned by a coalition between the slave interest and the unscrupulous democracy of the north. Jackson confirmed his popularity by a new policy. He resolved to bring about the annexation of Texas,—a province which, divided into portions, might supply nine slave states equal in extent to Kentucky. In 1836, after swarms of land jobbers had covered the Mexican territories with slaves, in defiance of the laws of Mexico, and when the war was just beginning, Mr. Adams delivered a memorable speech, in which he pronounced the war to be one of aggression, conquest, and for the re-establishment of slavery where it had been abolished. “In that war,” he said, “the banners of freedom will be the banners of Mexico, and your banners—I blush to speak the word—will be the banners of slavery.” We need not say that the eloquence of Mr. Adams was unavailing. Mr. Quincy tells how he was traduced, how attempts were made to expel him from Congress, how he was bullied and threatened with assassination, both openly and by letter, and how, during the most stormy debate which had ever occurred in Congress, he received, among other communications through the Post-office, a coloured lithograph of himself with the picturesque annotation of a rifle-ball on the forehead, and the significant words “This will stop your music.” The session of 1840 was painful to him beyond all former experience. He knew before that American parties had lapsed into profligate factions; but now there was a change in the manners of the people, and all the institutions of the country were visibly degenerating. The constitution of the United States, which had combined the advantages of federal institutions, monarchy, oligarchy, and a mixed government, and which had been so wisely guarded against democracy, had practically defeated all the expectations of its framers. The influence of slavery was the subject of the last great effort of his life,—an address which he delivered on the 7th day of October, 1844, to a political society of Boston. After recapitulating the heads of an oration which he had made more than fifty years before to an audience in the same city, he said, referring to his former hearers: “They were your fathers, and they had maintained the freedom transmitted to them by their sires of the war of independence; they have transmitted that freedom to you; and upon you now devolves the duty of transmitting it unimpaired to your posterity. Your trial is approaching. The spirit of freedom and the spirit of democracy are drawing together for the deadly conflict of arms. . . . Prepare for the struggle; and I say to you, in the language of Galgacus to the ancient Britons, ‘Think of your forefathers, think of your posterity.’”

At the advanced age of eighty-one Adams continued daily to attend the House of Representatives. On the 21st of February, 1848, he answered to the call of his name in a clear and emphatic voice. Rising soon after, with a paper in his hand, to address the House, he was seized with paralysis, and fell into the arms of the gentleman sitting next him, uttering these words: “This is the last of earth: I am content.” He was removed to the speaker's apartment in the capitol, where he shortly afterwards breathed his last.

THE ENGLISH TONGUE.—One of the Orpheonites having received an unintelligible answer to a query, thus expressed his disappointments:—“Ver odd langidge dis Inglis. He say, angering, ‘I walk into you!’ How can he do dat? Bottel conjeror, he tell me, walk into bottel; but dat was take in—swindle. I can not comprehend. He call him ‘fast fellow,’ who neber in time for keep him promise.”—J.

* “The Life of John Quincy Adams.” By Josiah Quincy, LL.D., Boston.

July 7, 1860.]

THE LONDON REVIEW.

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SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE FIFTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall-mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dusk. Admittance 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

FRENCH EXHIBITION, 120, Pall Mall.—The SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the contributions of ARTISTS of the FRENCH and FLEMISH SCHOOLS, including Henrietta Browne's Great Picture of "The Sisters of Mercy," is NOW OPEN.—Admittance, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d. Open from Nine till Six daily.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE of the FINDING of the SAVIOUR in the TEMPLE, commenced in Jerusalem in July, 1854, is NOW ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 168, New Bond-street, from Nine till Six. Admittance, 1s.

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GEOLOGY and MINERALOGY.—ELEMENTARY COLLECTION, to facilitate the study of this interesting Science, can be had, from Two Guinea to One Hundred, also Single Specimens, of J. TENNANT, 140, Strand, London, W.C. Mr. Tennant gives Practical Instruction in Mineralogy and Geology.

ORNAMENTS for the DRAWING-ROOM, LIBRARY, &c.—An extensive assortment of ALABASTER, MARBLE, BRONZE, and DERBYSHIRE SPAR ORNAMENTS. Manufactured and Imported by J. TENNANT, 140, Strand, London, W.C.

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THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY. Established 7th September, 1852. Offices—33, Norfolk-street, Strand, London, W.C.

TRUSTEES. J. C. Cobbold, Esq., M.P.

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The taking of land is quite optional. A share paid a year in advance costs £5. 1s. 6d.; completed share is £51. 3s. 6d.; twenty shares, £1,023. 11s. 6d.; and so on in proportion, calculation £51. 3s. 6d. for each share. The system is adapted for all classes of the community, and investors can communicate by correspondence, as well as by personal attendance.

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CHARLES LEWIS GRUNEISEN, Secretary.

SCOTTISH AMICABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY. Established 1826.

Glasgow—39, St. Vincent-place; William Spens, Manager.

London—1, Threadneedle-street; J. E. C. Koch, Res. Sec.

The Capital Sum assured exceed.....£3,600,000

" Annual Income.....145,000

" Invested Funds.....730,000

The Existing Policies, 8,000.

The books of the Society close on 31st December next for the septennial division of profits. The rate declared at 31st December, 1853, was £1. 15s. per annum on each £100; that at 31st December, 1856, was £2.

Special attention is requested to the very liberal "General Conditions of Assurance," stated in the Society's prospectus. Also, to the table of "Minimum Premiums," and the very low rates for short period Assurances.

Every information may be obtained from the Society's agents, or from

J. E. C. KOCH, Resident Secretary in London.

EQUITABLE ASSURANCE OFFICE, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars. Established in 1762.

The amount added to the existing policies for the whole continuance of life at the decennial division of profits in December last, was One Million Nine Hundred and Seventy-seven Thousand Pounds, making, with former additions then outstanding, a total of Four Millions and Seventy Thousand Pounds, which amounts to 67 per cent. on the sums originally assured in all those policies.

The Bonuses paid on claims in the ten years ending on the 31st December, 1856, exceed

THREE MILLIONS AND A-HALF,

being more than 100 per cent. on the amount of all these claims.

The Capital, on the 1st November, 1859, £6,400,000 sterling. The Income exceeds £420,000 per annum.

Policies effected in the current year (1860) will participate in the distribution of profits ordered in December last, so soon as six annual premiums shall have become due and been paid thereon; and, in the division of 1860, will be entitled to additions in respect of every premium paid upon them from the years 1861 to 1869, each inclusive.

The EQUITABLE is an entirely mutual office, in which two-thirds of the clear surplus is decennially divided among the policy-holders, and one-third reserved for security and as an accumulating fund, in augmentation of other profits, for future periodical distribution.

No extra premium is charged for service in any Volunteer corps within the United Kingdom during peace or war.

A weekly Court of Directors is held every Wednesday, from Eleven to One o'clock, to receive proposals for new assurances; and "a Prospectus" of the Society may be had on application at the Office, where attendance is given daily, from Ten to Four o'clock.

ARTHUR MORGAN, Actuary.

SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

43, St. James's-street, London, S.W.

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Capital.....£500,000
Invested Funds.....110,000
Annual Income.....40,000
To the security thus afforded, the Office adds the advantages of moderate rates and liberal management. The Bonuses declared have been unusually large, and amount in some cases to a return of four-fifths of the premium paid. No charges whatever are made beyond the premium. For those who desire to provide for themselves in old age

sums may be assured payable on attaining a given age, as 50, 55, or 60, or at death, if it occur previously. Endowments for Children are made payable on attaining the ages of 14, 18, or 21, so as to meet the demands which education or settlement in life may create. By the payment of a slightly increased rate, the premiums are returned in the event of previous death.

The Tables of Rates here given are of necessity very limited, but every information will be readily afforded on application. HENRY D. DAVENPORT, Sec.

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY, for Fire and Life Assurances at Home and Abroad. Established in 1836. Incorporated by Act of Parliament. Amount of accumulated funds on 31st January, 1860, £453,675 10s. 8d. Office in London, 1, Moorgate-street.

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BONUS YEAR. The next investigation, for the purpose of declaring a bonus to the policy-holders, will take place on 31st January, 1861, and will share in the participating class effected prior to that date entitled, in the event of death before the next period of division (1866), to a bonus for every year of their existence. This advantage will not again be attainable until after the lapse of another period of five years, and therefore renders the present an unusually favourable period for joining the Company.

The whole of the profit of this branch are divisible in terms of the Act of Incorporation, among the insured, the expenses of management being limited to 10 per cent.

As an illustration of the proportion which the additions already made to policies bear to the sums paid by the assured in the shape of premiums, it will be sufficient to state that a policy of £1,000 taken out in 1836, on a life then aged twenty-five, and upon which £503 have been received by the Office, has £1,351. 1s. 10d., the increase being equal to 70 per cent. on the premium paid by the assured.

Progress of the Company during the past five years.

Revenue.	Fire Department.	Life Department.
From Feb. 1, 1855, to Jan. 31, 1856	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
From Feb. 1, 1856, to Jan. 31, 1857	77,850 19 9	62,164 7 11
From Feb. 1, 1857, to Jan. 31, 1858	91,306 3 6	67,962 19 3
From Feb. 1, 1858, to Jan. 31, 1859	101,230 13 6	75,920 7 9
From Feb. 1, 1859, to Jan. 31, 1860	109,179 19 7	79,216 18 8
From Feb. 1, 1860, to Jan. 31, 1861	129,218 3 0	84,010 15 10

A. P. FLETCHER, Sec.

PHENIX FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY, Lombard Street and Charing Cross, London. Established in 1782.

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Receipts are now ready at the principal Offices, Lombard-street and Charing Cross, and with the respective Agents throughout the United Kingdom.

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The Hon. FRANCIS SCOTT, Chairman.

CHARLES BERWICK CURTIS, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

Fourth Division of Profits.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Parties desirous of participating in the fourth division of profits to be declared on all policies effected prior to the 31st of December next year should, in order to enjoy the same, make immediate application. There have already been three divisions of profits, and the bonuses divided have averaged nearly 2 per cent. per annum on the sums assured, or from 30 to 100 per cent. on the premiums paid, as is the case in mutual societies. To show more clearly what these bonuses amount to, three following cases are put forth as examples:—

Sum Insured.	Bonuses added.	Amount payable up to Dec. 1854.
£5,000	£1,987 10	£6,987 10
1,000	307 10	1,397 10
100	39 15	139 15

Notwithstanding the large additions, the premiums are on the lowest scale compatible with security for the payment of the policy when death arises; in addition to which advantages one-half of the premiums may, if desired, for the term of five years, remain unpaid at 5 per cent. interest, without security or deposit of the policy.

amounted to £652,618. 3s. 10d., all of which had been invested in Government and other approved securities. No charge for Volunteer Military Corps while serving in the United Kingdom.

Policy stamps paid by the office.

Immediate application should be made to the Resident Director, No. 8, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall.

By order, P. MACINTYRE, Secretary.

THE EUROPEAN ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Empowered by Special Act of Parliament, for the Assurance of Lives, Annuities, and the Guarantee of Fidelity in Situations of Trust.

CHIEF OFFICE.—2, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, London, S.W. and Twenty Thousand Pounds.

The European Assurance Society is authorized by Special Act of Parliament to guarantee the fidelity of persons holding Government and other Situations of Trust.

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The Guarantee Policies of this Society are sanctioned by the Law, and County Courts, and by the Board of Trade, India, Home, and other Public Departments, and are accepted by the Bankers; the principal Railway Companies, Life and Fire Offices, Public Companies, Institutions, and Commercial Firms throughout the kingdom.

Immediate Annuities, payable during the whole of Life may be purchased on the following Scale:—

Annuities granted at the undermentioned Ages for every £100 of Purchase Money.

Ages...	50	60	70
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Annuity...	£7. 17s. 6d.	£10. 3s. 4d.	£14. 16s. 2d.
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STEVEN'S PATENT BREAD-MAKING MACHINES, adopted by Government, East-India Council, Directors of every class of Public Institutions, Master Bakers, the Nobility, Private Families, &c. &c., ensure very superior and extremely clean bread, and repay the cost in a very short time.

May be had in sizes to knead from One Quarter of Flour to Five Sacks at one time. Prices from £2. 10s. to £100. Prospectuses, fully illustrated, post free, containing the Government reports and a thousand other testimonials.—5, 6, & 7, Cambridge-road, N.E.

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Application for Tickets to be made to the Audit Office, at the London Station, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. (2 p.m. on Saturdays).

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS between LONDON and BOULOGNE, available for Seven Days, by any Train and Boat, are NOW ISSUED, at the BOOKING-OFFICE, LONDON STATION, at the Reduced Rates of 35s. First Class; 25s. Second Class.

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